

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| 1. Caxtoniana.—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, <i>Saturday Review</i> , | 195 |
| 2. The Amber Gods and other Stories. By Miss Prescott, <i>Spectator</i> , | 201 |
| 3. Cousin Phillis. Part 3, <i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , | 204 |
| 4. Captain Speke's Journal of the Source of the Nile, <i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , | 214 |
| 5. The Northern Message, <i>Spectator</i> , | 235 |
| 6. The Southern Message, “ | 236 |
| 7. Equipoise of England and France in 1863, “ | 239 |

POETRY.—Charge of the Mule Brigade, 194. The Superfluous Man, 194. Captain Walter S. Newhall, 203. Home and Heaven, 203. Who first invented Work, 203.

SHORT ARTICLES.—New Translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 200. Apostolic Labors an Evidence, 200. Mr. Murray's Trade Sale, 213. River discovered in New Zealand, 213. Septuagenarian Generals Superannuated, 213. The London Newspapers and the old Year, 234.

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CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE.

[On the night of October 28, last, when Gen. Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps repulsed the attacking forces of Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tenn., a number of mules, affrighted by the noise of battle, dashed into the camp of Hampton's Legion, causing much dismay among the rebels, and compelling many of them to fall back under a supposed charge of cavalry.]

HALF a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
Right toward the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred,
"Forward the Mule Brigade,"
"Charge for the rebs!" they neighed;
Straight for the Georgia troops
Broke the two hundred.

"Forward the Mule Brigade!"
Was there a mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
All their ropes sundered;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why:
Theirs but to make them fly.
On! to the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops
Stormed the two hundred.

Wild all there eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scattering the chivalry there,
While all the world wondered.
Not a mule back-bestraddled,
Yet how they all skedaddled;
Fled every Georgian,
Unsabred, unsaddled,
Scattered and sundered,
How they were routed there
By the two hundred.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head,
Full many a hero fled,
Fain in the last ditch dead,
Back from an "ass's jaw,"
All that was left of them,
Left by the two hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made
Honor the Mule Brigade,
Long-eared two hundred.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It is ascertained by inspection of the registers of many countries, that the uniform proportion of male to female births is as 21 to 20: accordingly in respect to marriage every 21st man is naturally superfluous.—*Smith's Treatise on Population.*

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear
I am under a natural ban;
The girls are already assigned—
And I'm a superfluous man!

These clever statistical chaps
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous-man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To Nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me,—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over-inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manners, or mind:
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern
The tender emotion I feel
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know,—
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With woman so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the Twenty;
But yet, when the average lot
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best
That I'm a superfluous man!

—N. Y. Ledger.

From The Saturday Review.

CAXTONIANA.*—SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THERE is in the works of a man of superior talent and position more than the mere charm which directly attaches to them as separate emanations of his genius. As great—perhaps, in cases of the highest eminence, a greater—interest will be found to envelope them when read consecutively by the light which they reciprocally shed upon each other as successive points of mark in the mental history of the writer. The quality of self-painting may vary with the personal idiosyncrasy of the author, just as in degree it may be manifested more or less in this writer or that. There is in numerous characters a native reticence of temperament which makes it a difficult task for the reader to detect the workings of the inner consciousness in the creations either of the pencil or the pen. Still, the influence is there. No man, it has been well said, can put upon the paper or the canvas more than has passed through his own brain; and each man, disguise it as he may from the eyes of others, or still more from his own, is in a large measure drawing or writing from himself.

No leading man of letters, in our day at least, has had so directly brought against him the charge of delineating himself, in each of his successive works of fiction, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And none has been at greater pains to repudiate the insinuation, as derogatory to his claims to fertility of thought, no less than suggestive of undue yielding to personal vanity. There is truth on either side. The fact most probably is, that in such a disclaimer there is nothing short of the full conviction of truth, the fact of this self-portraiture standing, nevertheless, at the same time too obvious and patent to be gainsaid. There need not, that is, be necessarily a direct and conscious habit of sitting for each consecutive character in a man's own gallery of fiction. There may be the habit, more subtle and powerful still, of identifying himself with his creations by an instinctive and spontaneous effort. Like the dervise projecting himself into the body of the Eastern king, he may live and breathe in them, and, without sensible duality, make them the media of exhibiting his own active and thinking self. The very spontaneity and ease of the process

of impersonation forbid its striking upon the sense of the prime agent. And thus, in the very effort made by the distinguished writer in question to do away the fact of its existence, he has furnished the indisputable traces of its power. The materials for this conviction are furnished in his case, as it happens, with more than ordinary authenticity. We have but to refer for proof to the very remarkable Preface prefixed to the recent editions of his collected prose writings, published at the lowest price, for the widest popular distribution.

There are writers who are content calmly and passively to await the judgment of posterity—who, satisfied as to the intrinsic value of their works, and confident of their power to make their own voices heard and understood, are content to leave their writings their own interpreters, to vindicate their own place among the niches of cosmopolitan fame. Others there are whose more restless temperament renders them wholly incapable of this reticence and this self-restraint. It may be that they are haunted by a latent mistrust of the power of their writings to interpret and enforce their original design. It may be, on the contrary, that an overweening estimate of their own depth and power makes them doubt of their full meaning and import ever coming to the surface. Or a conception, half cynical, half conceited, of a want of capacity in the world at large to rise to the level of understandings and imaginations such as theirs, begets the amiable desire to aid the common intellect and elucidate the force of their own composition by means of gloss or explication of a supplemental and authoritative kind. Heedless of the Napoleonic precept as to the value of reserve,—*le monde vient à celui qui sait se taire*,—they are for breaking through the barrier which the stoicism or the diffidence of other men generally rears between themselves and posterity, and hasten to discount already the tribute of public approbation. They can see no value in a guerdon of praises which cannot be enjoyed during a lifetime, and had ten times rather sniff in the incense of immediate applause with living and heaving nostrils, than have it flung, however profusely, by hands they as yet know not, in the face of a stony posthumous statue. A motive of this kind is traceable through every line of the characteristic Preface which accompanies the late edi-

* *Caxtoniana*. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1863.

tions of "Pelham." It would not, perhaps, be fair to attempt even to fix the precise authorship of this remarkable analysis. The glowing tone of eulogium which it breathes throughout, and the extravagant pretension to deep and subtle insight which renders it even fulsome to the reader's taste, forbid those who retain a spark of faith in the existence of self-respect in human nature to read such an effusion to the letter by the light of Major Dalgetty's famous test of the identity of Argyle. Such flights of flattery would be a thought too strong for the egotism even of the "marquis himself." Still, from its position at the head of an authorized edition of the series, as well as from the esoteric penetration it betrays into the secret mind and purpose of the novelist, it is impossible not to regard it as an authoritative statement of a connected literary design. There are degrees of inspiration, even theologians are agreed, short of the merely verbal, and the primary line of thought may be filtered through an elastic medium without losing its identity of idea under a change of form. But, beyond this, the very idiom tells, in places, its own tale. Socrates may speak by the mouth of Plato, but there is no mistaking the interior fount of inspiration. It is easy to see the Targum of the disciple overlying the text of the prophet. Substantially the dictation is original, though the flattering adjectives may be strewn by the hand of a friend. The voice is Jacob's voice, though the hands are the hands of Esau.

Not that a statement of this kind is necessarily to be looked upon as a vulgar advertisement touting for applause. It is far more truly to be viewed as a nervous cry for sympathy and appreciation. There is the morbid dread of going out of the world unrecognized and ill-understood—the dislike of leaving to alien hands, and indifferent if not invidious critics, the task of entering into his meaning and elucidating his ideas. Joined to this, and intensifying this, is a profound penetration with the depth of his own genius and the fecundity of the results of his teaching. There is nothing, it must be allowed, of the shallow pretension of the vulgar quack, who hopes by effrontery or disguise to foist what he feels to be false or worthless wares upon the world. True genius has at all times a just and dignified sense of its own worth. The high-souled man, Aristotle justly

observed, has ever a high estimate of himself. But in the case before us, this is qualified by a palpable mistrust of the capacity of other men to verify and admit his claims. The entire sketch is consequently, from first to last, an elaborate self-glorification. It is not, any more than Sir Edward's different characters are, the autobiography or self-analysis which many have thought they could trace in his personifications. No such conscious purpose, as he himself is right in disclaiming, was present to his mind in giving them birth. Yet are they, one and all, not the less the expression of the writer's own idiosyncrasy, and so many phases of his inner self. In them he lives and moves and has his being. They breathe his sentiments, and in their utterances may be traced with sufficient distinctness the successive changes of conviction or taste which have made up his intellectual life. From "Pelham" to "Caxtoniana" there has been one long soliloquy.

It is clearly in the light of half-regret, half-apology for early faults, that we are to read the analysis given in this significant Preface of the earliest of the Bulwer Lytton novels. We have the frank avowal that it was written "at that crisis of thought and feeling, common enough to the boyhood and early youth of all men of genius, when all the elements of thought are unsettled, when crude impressions are hastily received as truths; and in striving, first, to think for themselves, they question all the oracles of human fate, and dangerously interpret the ambiguous answers accorded to their own passionate inclinations." In the "Disowned" we are next told to see "glimpses of a much loftier tone of mind, of greater capacities for pathos, of grander ideals of human character, and the nobler aims of human life." The mystery of "Devereux" is derived, for variety, "not from the inferior sources of external incident, but the complicated secrets of the human heart." In the character of Aubrey, "our reason is satisfied not so much by the probability of the events as by the consummate analysis of mind and motive by which the events themselves grow naturally and inevitably out of the idiosyncrasy of their agents." Of "Paul Clifford," the design has never been apprehended before. "In form a burlesque, in essentials a tragedy," it is "a satire upon crime," a burlesque upon the false shows of civilized life, "a genial

appeal to the conscience of communities to adjust our codes to the reform of criminals as well as to their punishment." Shallow critics have been all along unaware of its ethical depth :—

"Our author must often have smiled, whether in scorn or sadness, at the shallow criticisms which represented this work, so full of a cordial philosophy, so marked by elevated benevolence, and so rounded into the very moral which all our statesmen have since labored to shape into Acts of Parliament, as a vicious representation of heroes and highwaymen."

Nor is "Eugene Aram" without those traits of self-portraiture which bespeak the mind of the novelist passing through a further phase of culture. There is here the imaginary study of evil in its effects upon a temperament like Clifford's in romance, but with far higher gifts of mind—"the effect of a single crime upon a magnificent intellect." In "Godolphin," on the contrary, we have the ideal view of the same influence in a less tragical aspect. "In one there is the picture of a life blasted, in the other the picture of a life frittered away." In both we see, as it were, the physician experimenting upon moral poisons in their effects upon his ideal self. Nor are we on any account to lose the truthfulness and finish of the "high-bred cynicism of Saville, or the elegant effeminacy into which the original genius of Godolphin himself subsides, as the indolence of the epicurean gradually prevails over his finer nature." In "Ernest Maltravers" we pass on to "the type of the poetic intelligence, working out its highest ultimate destinies through the scenes and probation of actual life." In what passes between Maltravers and Evelyn is represented "that epoch in the poetic mind when, wearied with the actual world, the poet yearns for return to his early dreams, seeks to renew his own youth, and forgets that he cannot regain their former freshness, nor link inexperienced hope with the memory of errors and the fulness of sorrowful knowledge." It is in the reunion with Alice—that is to say, "the restoration of art to nature"—that "the ideal intelligence, long at war with the practical world, is reconciled to it." "Zanoni"—the first inkling of a vein of thought in Sir Edward's imagination which has since teemed in the more astounding marvels of the "Strange Story"—dawned upon

the author's brain as the "illustration of external life by symbolical philosophy." Current rumor points to the no less potent sympathy said even now to exist between the same imaginative genius and spirit manifestations of a more vulgar kind. Such magical bias, however, is declared to be in its origin "no gloomy criminal art, but a mastery over the lawful secrets of nature, to be attained but by dauntless will, by self-conquest, by the subordination of flesh to spirit."

If his successive creations, from "Pelham" downwards, may thus be viewed as so many reflections of the author's self, as in a room with many mirrors, the same law of impersonation holds even more strictly true as a key to his latest publication. Passing by the practical lessons of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel," as the expression of his sager manhood, we have in "Caxtoniana" the didactic statement of ideas which he has at other times habituated himself to clothe with the personality of fiction. By far the larger part of these two volumes may be read as simple soliloquies or confessions. Never, perhaps, since Rousseau, has a philosopher or moralist thrown so much of himself into his reflections, even when giving them their most abstract or general form, and using least commonly the first person singular. To any keen interpreter of casual hints and intimations, nothing more is wanting for a complete mental image of the writer or the man. Years which have added the last perfection to that polished style—chastening its early exuberance, and sobering the youthful tendency to inflation and bombast—have but matured the habit of studying the world by the inner light of his own consciousness. It is in the microcosm of his own sentiments and yearnings that the very universe seems alone capable of being read and understood. Whatever changes may go on without are as nothing to the importance of the alternations and vicissitudes which mark the development within. The laws of mind and morals are to be studied, not in reality, but in type, and that type not far to seek. Into whatever fountain Narcissus turns to gaze, there is, changed as it may be by time, the same individual image still. As Sir Edward himself says of Montaigne, "it is his own human heart, as he has tested it through his own human life, that he first analyses, and then synthesises. And out of that analysis and that synthesis

he dissects into separate members, and then puts together again, the world." Of what avail to him are the multitude of books, save as they "serve only to enforce his own opinions and illustrate his own experience of life?"

Take, for instance, one of the most characteristic, as well as most graphic essays in the present series—that on "Posthumous Reputation." Where moralists, uninfluenced by this habitual reference to self as the source and ground of observation, would be led far afield for the materials of induction, and seek to generalize from the widest types of human conduct, how much easier is it to glance into the mirror of consciousness, and take measure of the general soul by the attitude and the proportion of the motive principle within. The problem is that of the respective influence of the thirst for popular renown in youth and advancing age:—

"I have seldom known a very young man of first-rate genius in whom that thirst was not keen; and still more seldom any man of first-rate genius, who, after middle life, was much tormented by it, more especially if he had already achieved contemporaneous fame, and felt how little of genuine and unalloyed delight it bestows, even while its plaudits fall upon living ears.

"But, on the other hand, I daily meet with mediocre men, more especially mediocre poets, to whom the vision of a fame beyond the grave is an habitual hallucination."

There is little need to ask what image rose up to the mental eye of the writer as he sought the solution of this question from his own "experience of life." What but the interval of years is needed for the "young man of first-rate genius," photographed under the name of "Pelham," to subside into another *carte de visite*, as the calmer "genius after middle life," the author of "Caxtoniana"? From his musings upon this theme—always a favorite one with Sir Bulwer Lytton—we may gather what effects time has wrought upon his estimate of himself, and of his probable position in time to come. One result, as usual, he finds to be the narrowing of the circle of ambition, and the bringing nearer to the eye those prizes which still remain to be grasped. Another is, to compel a more candid avowal of the true yearning of his life, which has been but quickened by the lapse of years. That yearning, he may say with truth, has been for no material ob-

ject. It may have seemed such in earlier days, but the loosened hold upon things of time and sense has shown it to rest upon a deeper and more spiritual desire. It is the longing to be "thought of with affection and esteem," to bequeath "some kindly reminiscence in some human hearts:"—

"But if this be a desire common to the great mass of our species, it must evidently rise out of the affections common to all—it is a desire for *love*, not a thirst for glory. This is not what is usually meant and understood by the phrase of posthumous reputation; it is not the renown accorded to the exceptional and rare intelligences which soar above the level of mankind. And here we approach a subject of no uninteresting speculation; viz., the distinction between that love for posthumous though brief repute which emanates from the affections and the moral sentiment, and that greed of posthumous and lasting renown which has been considered the craving, not of the heart, nor of the moral sentiment, but rather of the intellect."

There is here that increasing candor which seems in a manner forced upon a man who feels it imperative upon him to be known by the world, but who finds the time for what he has to say drawing in. He has been, he complains, greatly misunderstood during life. Far from nursing in his soul that craving for intellectual renown which is vulgarly conceived to be the spring of labors such as his—far from caring to dazzle and overawe by the brilliance of his genius—it has been his secret hope to attract through sympathy with his moral nature. If for a time misled by youthful inexperience, he has since had the real nature of the void within revealed clearly to his eyes. It is not glory but love that has warmed and led him on. In sensitive and imaginative temperaments, there is here a marked approximation to the feminine type of character. The distinction has been well drawn by Michelet between the passion of love in the masculine and the female breast: "The desire of the man is for the woman; the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man." The same desire for love and sympathy may be traced through every fiction, and under every self-revelation of Bulwer Lytton. There is all that craving for love and admiration which a woman feels she must gratify or die; yet there is all that instinctive delicacy which would make her die rather than be thought overtly to solicit it—trying innu-

merable arts and expedients to attract the indispensable homage, with infinite horror of being detected in the act.

A further proof of the influence of the same feminine *ethos* will be found in an analysis of the prominent personages in the Bulwer Lytton series. How invariably are his men cast in the mould which women love or admire! How little do they partake of that stuff which the masculine sex recognizes in its born leaders! Pelham, the elegant, self-conscious, self-asserting fop, with his curled graces and frothy talk,—Clifford, with his elegant person, romantic tones, and darkling hints of adventure,—are altogether such as to strike the immature maiden apprehension. They embody their designer's notion of the airs and the pretensions which should secure the objects of his youthful heart. They furnish at once a test of his first estimate of women, and a confession of the early goal of his ambition. In maturer life, when the charms of Adonis are not so safely to be relied on for direct conquest, the new type of character is still true to the original sentiment. Darrell, the proud and self-concentred statesman, shrinking from contact with men while inwardly dying of isolation, nursing the loftiest projects, yet morbidly biding the day when men shall court him in his proud seclusion, is a character to be utterly powerless over men in public life; but he is a man to stir—and he is consistently made to stir—the curiosity and the worship of women. He stands as the author's living ideal of the public man of middle age. And if any key were required to explain why, with all his brilliant gifts and natural advantages, his clear intellect, bright imagination, pointed eloquence, and keen thirst for fame, aided by wealth, position, and party interest, Sir Edward has done little more in public life than condemn himself to the state of practical self-ostracism in which he draws his model, it will be found in the truthfulness with which the mind and temper of the artist are thrown upon the descriptive canvas. An intense and consuming self-consciousness, an instinctive love of the ideal, a habit of posing for admiration with the flattering belief that the art is too perfect for detection—these are not the qualities to fit a man for roughly jostling with realities, or bringing the matter-of-fact and masculine world to do homage at his feet. Even in literature, these are defects which must inevi-

tably keep back a man from attaining the highest rank. Whatever the brilliance of his conceptions, the loftiness of his moral, the fascination of his style, there is that which always mingles in our admiration of Sir Edward Lytton's genius a mortifying sense of disappointment. It is with him as with the case of women of talent—something still keeps them back in their best works from gaining the prize in the race with men. Yet the womanly weakness which lends a charm to its proper sex, and forms a magnet for the hearts of men, is the last thing that man looks upon with complacency in those of his own gender. If real, it may at the best excite his pity. If affected, it cannot escape his contempt. When woman puts on the arts and airs that please, man is delighted at the implied compliment to his manhood. But he feels neither tenderness nor mercy for the like artificial graces in the male,—

“The padded man that wears the stays.”

Among the secrets which Sir Edward lets out in the course of his latest reflections, is that of his instinctive and ever-growing attachment to the apron-string. Such is the pregnant allusion, in his “Hints on Mental Culture,” to the “wondrous advantages to a man in every pursuit or avocation of an adviser in a sensible woman.” Of all blessings we are invited to cherish “female friendships,”—of course “pure friendships,”—not only as the “bulwark and sweet ornament of existence” to a man, but, above all, “to his mental culture invaluable.” The volume itself owes its dedication in part to the acknowledgment of such an influence. Sir Edward avows a strong belief in “temperaments.” The subject has given birth to more than one dissertation in “Caxtoniana.” The “sanguine” and the “sympathetic” temperaments might well have been supplemented by a chapter on the characteristics of the “Epicene,” or that in which the virile and feminine elements show themselves blended in exceptional union. Such a kind of androgynous mixture no writer could well be found better qualified to expound or to illustrate. Through all his writings there runs the same tone of conscious tenderness striving to clothe itself with vigor—the air of high spirit but delicate physique, bent on passing for robust. In his successive characters, we have the glass in which he sees himself reflected through each and all of these

gymnastic efforts. They are but so many test impressions by which he takes note of the gradual growth in the muscular fibre of his mind.

We have regarded "Caxtoniana" in the light of a psychological study rather than that of an independent work of art. We would not, however, be supposed unmindful of the literary merits of these essays. In whatever point of view they may be studied, they will be found stamped with the author's peculiar genius, and inferior to none of his compositions in those especial qualities in which he stands at the head of all the writers of his class. Slight and cursory in form, yet thoughtful and full of matter, they are equal to anything he has before put forth in knowledge of men and books, acute analysis of motives, and critical elegance of taste. They are worth reading, if only for the style, carried as it is to the utmost finish of which Sir Edward's fastidious sense is capable. The faults which ran through his successive shifts of manner are to be traced here still, but blended into a general efflorescence, their early garishness and exaggeration chastened into a softer tone. There is all the old romance of feeling, the lyrical flow of sentences, the well-bred irony, the liveliness, the wit. But beyond these there is the sobered judgment, the matured experience, the urbane and genial estimate of other men, which be-

speak a mind arrived at its highest point of culture and its widest grasp of charity. The finest papers of Addison or Steele show hardly more of critical observation or quiet humor than the essays on "Knowledge of the World" or "Posthumous Reputation," while on subjects of a more technical kind neither the *Spectator* nor the *Rambler* put forth subtler powers of analysis or keener literary acumen than those on "Style and Diction," on the "Moral Effect of Writers," and on "Rhythm in Prose as conducive to Precision and Clearness." The latter point, indeed, becomes a very hobby with Sir Edward. It is carried to the vindication in theory of one of his own peculiar excesses of style. True it is that "every style has its appropriate music," and that "without a music of some kind it is not style, it is scribbling." But he forgets that the music of prose is a thing wholly distinct in kind from the music of poetry. Sir Edward's ear for rhythm is the cause of his prose being perpetually vitiated by this weakness—whole sentences, one after another, running on with the sing-song jingle of verse. Despite, however, such faults of manner—despite, too, the affected and artificial air which has become with him a second nature, and deprives his philosophy of depth and weight—there is sufficient stuff in these magazine articles to maintain intact the writer's place in the foremost rank of the lighter literature of our day.

Institutes of Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern. By John Laurence von Mosheim, D.D. A Literal Translation, with the Notes of Murdoch and Soames. Edited and brought down to the present time by William Stubbs, M.A., Vicar of Navestock. In Three Volumes. Longman & Co.

As a text-book of ecclesiastical history, the great work of Mosheim holds a place from which it is not likely to be dislodged. If it has the defects, it has also all the merits, of history as written in the eighteenth century. It is learned, well-digested, impartial, and calm even to coldness. The notes of Dr. Murdoch and Mr. Soames add greatly to the value of the original work; and the whole has been edited with thorough care and learning by Mr. Stubbs. By the additions of Mr. Soames and Mr. Stubbs the history has been brought down to the present time, so as to include the "Essays and Reviews" and Bishop

Colenso. Mr. Stubbs's chapter, treating of the history of the Christian Church since the year 1830, contains much interesting information relating to the eastern as well as the western churches in a clear and condensed narrative. This elaborate work will be of great value to students.—*Reader.*

Apostolic Labors an Evidence of Christian Truth. A Sermon preached before his Grace the Primate, in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, at the Consecration of the Lord Bishop of Nassau, on St. Andrew's Day, 1863. By Henry Parry Liddon, M.A. Oxford and London: Rivingtons; Oxford: H. and J. Parker. Pp. 24.

As an exposition of the text, "But I say, have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world," Mr. Liddon's sermon is broad, yet critical and scholarly.—*Reader.*

From The Spectator.

MISS PRESCOTT'S AMBER GODS.*

THERE is a certain splendor of fancy, we think too much of splendor, both in the imaginative diction, and the imaginative thought of Miss Prescott's tales, which gives them a kind of fascination, and an effect of power, in spite of the mystic and somewhat dazzling fringe of color which is always dancing before our eyes. She writes, as it were, in oil colors. She has an almost infinite command of metaphorical hues, or rather *dyes*, and uses them with the skill and some of the reserve of high culture, but still leaves on the mind that impression of fatigue which a lavish use of organic symbols and figurative analogies generally produces. Lest we should be talking enigmas, we will give one short specimen of her style in describing an artist, a Mr. Rose:—

"Then Rose was gayer than before. He is one of those people to whom you must allow moods,—when their sun shines, dance,—and when their vapors rise, sit in the shadow. Every variation of the atmosphere affects him, though by no means uniformly; and so sensitive is he that, when connected with you by any intimate *rappor*t, even if but momentary, he almost divines your thoughts. He is full of perpetual surprises. I am sure he was a nightingale before he was Rose. An iridescence like sea-foam sparkled in him that evening, he laughed as lightly as the little tinkling mass-bells at every moment, and seemed to diffuse a rosy glow wherever he went in the room."

This style almost everywhere pervades the book, though, as in the simple and clever tale called "Knitting Sale-socks," Miss Prescott shows that she can abandon it for a very skilful style of literal Dutch painting. For the most part, however, Miss Prescott indulges in a rich and luxuriant species of imagery which is in every sense tropical, though the tropical style of a cultivated and artistic mind.

There is but little range in her command of character. Men she does not paint at all, but simply puts in respectable lay figures. With respect to her women, there are two varieties of character which she delights to paint again and again, in all possible varieties of moral tone and attitude,—the character

* "The Amber Gods and other Stories." By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

all sensation, warmth, splendor, and variety of effect, which intoxicates men by its luxuriance of attraction and its steam of passionate languor,—and the character which is sweet, delicate, and single in its influence;—the richly stained character of broken colors, and the character of colorless crystal light. Miss Prescott delights in this contrast. Now she makes the richer and warmer character evil and now good, though generally the former. In the striking tale called "The Amber Gods" (the amber gods being only beads of an amber necklace, carved into the shapes of heathen divinities), the selfish feminine character of the tale is a kind of Circe, who is supposed to have a nature in some way analogous to the rich, heavy, voluptuous color and fragrance of amber. The foil to her is a simple, delicate, self-sacrificing creature, whose nature is, in like manner, supposed to be in some way analogous to the liquid light of aqua marina. On this slender and somewhat transcendental fancy Miss Prescott builds a story, which, though it has but very little narrative interest, is worked up by her lavish use of rich color into something that produces an original effect. Here, for example, is the amber heroine's defence of amber to the gentleman with whom she has fallen in love:—

"I took my beads and wound them round my wrist. 'You haven't as much eye for color as a poppy-bee,' I exclaimed, in a corresponding key, and looking up at Rose.—'Unjust. I was thinking then how entirely they suited you.'—'Thank you. Vastly complimentary from one who 'don't like amber'!"—'Nevertheless, you think so.'—'Yes and no. Why don't you like it?'—'You mustn't ask me for my reasons. It is not merely disagreeable, but hateful.'—'And you've been beside me like a Christian all this time, and I had it!'—'The perfume is acrid; I associate it with the lower jaw of St. Basil the Great, styled a present of immense value, you remember, being hard, heavy, shining like gold, the teeth yet in it, and with a smell more delightful than amber,' making a mock shudder at the word.—'Oh! it is prejudice, then.'—'Not in the least. It is antipathy. Besides, the thing is unnatural; there is no existent cause for it. A bit that turns up on certain sands,—here at home, for aught I know, as often as anywhere.'—'Which means Nazareth. We must teach you, sir, that there are some things at home as rare as those abroad.'—'I am taught,' he said, very low, and without

looking up.—'Just tell me what is amber?'—'Fossil gum.'—'Can you say those words and not like it? Don't it bring to you a magnificent picture of the pristine world,—great seas and other skies,—a world of accented crises, that sloughed off age after age, and rose fresher from each plunge? Don't you see, or long to see, that mysterious magic tree out of whose pores oozed this fine solidified sunshine? What leaf did it have? what blossom? what great wind shivered its branches? Was it a giant on a lonely coast, or thick low growth blistered in ravines and dells? That's the witchery of amber,—that it *has* no cause,—that all the world grew to produce it, maybe,—died and gave no other sign,—that its tree, which must have been beautiful, dropped all its fruits,—and how bursting with juice must they have been?'—'Unfortunately, coniferous.'—'Be quiet. Stripped itself of all its lush luxuriance, and left for a vestige only this little fester of its gashes.'"

In the equally graphic tale called "Desert Sands," our authoress introduces the very same contrast of feminine characters in the very same relation to an artist whose mere senses are captivated by the magnificent richness of the one kind of beauty, even while his inner nature never flings in its fidelity to the other. In "The South Breaker," the richer character is also the higher, while the still, liquid beauty of her rival is combined, much less successfully, with a central selfishness. In the story called "Midsummer and May," the mother is endowed with the rich, voluptuous nature, and the daughter with the airy and tender grace, and this is the only tale in which Miss Prescott succeeds in effectually painting for her readers her gentler, tenderer, and more simple-natured type of heroine. She seems generally to lavish so much pains on the more gorgeous portrait that the foil to it produces comparatively but little impression, whereas it is really the more difficult to paint of the two. As there are many who can paint color for one who can paint light, so there are many who can delineate characters of particolored moods and passions for one who can delineate a single individual es-

sence not broken into the various rays of prismatic sentiment. To Miss Prescott it has evidently been either a much pleasanter or a much easier task to conceive the former than the latter character. And yet it is evident that she regards the one as really inferior to the other. It would seem as if, even while analyzing what we may call the crimson and gold effects of beautiful caprice, emotion, languor, sentiment, in her heroines, she ascribes these sumptuous varieties of moral tint and mood to weakness of character, not breadth,—to a deficiency, that is, of singleness of purpose, and not to any redundancy of life, either moral or intellectual. And certainly it is true that outward simplicity, and the consequent absence of what is called luxuriance of sentiment, in both men and women, is more often due to that binding strength of will and sincerity of purpose, which refuses to permit any relaxation of the mind into useless wishes and vain emotions, than to the deficiency of these interior colors of the character. The difference between a Cleopatra and an Imogen is in great measure the difference between a nature so far relaxed that its inmost passion is exposed to the very air, and one so firmly knit together that its sweetness is only visible to the finest insight and the deepest sympathy. Miss Prescott feels this, and yet she only once spends her power on a character really worthy of it, so much is she dazzled by the external gorgeousness and voluptuousness of moral and intellectual *sheen*.

After allowing, however, for the somewhat monotonous character of the power shown, and its slight tendency to transcendentalisms here and there, it cannot be questioned that these are good and original literary productions, giving apparently much promise for the authoress, if she should trim away the somewhat tropical superfluities of her thought and diction, and extend her efforts in the direction in which one or two of the more modest tales of American life, like that called "Knitting Sale-socks," point. That she has power also in this more external and simple field we have sufficient proof.

WALTER S. NEWHALL.

OR DECEMBER 18, AET. 22.

[Captain Walter S. Newhall, of Philadelphia, Acting Adjutant General upon the staff of General Gregg, was lately drowned in a tributary of the Rappahannock. He was one of the earliest volunteers in the war. First distinguished in the famous charge of Zagonyi at Springfield, in Missouri, he was afterward engaged in the most active and dangerous service. He leaves two brothers in the service; and at the time of Lee's invasion last summer we believe that his parents had five or six sons on active military duty. The following lines are by a mother whose son had been in Captain Newhall's company]:—

Nor 'mid the cannon's roar,
Not 'mid red fields of gore,
When the fierce fight was o'er,
His young life parted;
But low beneath the wave,
No hand outstretched to save,
As in a hallowed grave
Slept the true-hearted.

All seamed with noble scars
Won in his country's wars,
Battling 'neath Stripes and Stars
For his land's glory.
One of a dauntless race,
Who each in foremost place
Still strive the foe to face,
Here ends his story.

Stern was the strife and brief—
Death came with quick relief—
While watched each glorious chief
Who went before him.
The waiting angel stood
Calm by the turbid flood,
And to that brotherhood
Gently he bore him.

Once in Rome's elder day
(So her old legends say),
Across the Sacred Way,
Wrath's fearful token,
Earth opened wide her breast;
Nor might the land find rest
Till of her wealth the best
There should lie broken.

Vainly poured gold and gem,
Rich robe with brodered hem,
Sceptre and diadem—
Wealth's hoards unoffered.
Wide yawned the gulf apart,
Till one brave Roman heart
Plunged in with shield and dart—
Life freely offered.

Lord, in our hour of woe,
In our land's breach we throw
Riches whose treasures flow
In streams unfailing:

Widows' and orphans' tears,
Sad days and nightly fears,
Long-garnered hopes of years—
All unavailing.

Yes, purer offerings still—
Meek faith and chastened will,
All that, through good and ill,
Thy mercy gave us:
Honor and love and truth,
Bright joys and dreams of youth,
Thou, Lord, in pitying ruth,
Oh, let them save us!

Hear! for our cause is just;
Hear! for our children's dust—
God of our fathers' trust,
Bring thy salvation!
Hasten, O Lord! the day;
Point thou through clouds our way,
And by Truth's steadfast ray
Lead home thy nation!
Christmas, 1863. B.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY JONES VERY.

WITH the same letter heaven and home begin,
And the words dwell together in the mind;
For they who would a home in heaven win
Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
That looks for perfect happiness in heaven;
For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
Which to the faithful shall at last be given.
As once the patriarch, in a vision blest,
Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
Became to him the gate of heaven below;
So may to thee, when life itself is done,
Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.
—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

A SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the every haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields and the town,
To plough, loom, anvil, spade; and oh, most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel;
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel
In that red realm—from which are no returnings:
Where toiling and turmolling, ever and aye,
He and his thoughts keep pensive working day.

PART III.

Just after this I went home for a week's holiday. Everything was prospering there; my father's new partnership gave evident satisfaction to both parties. There was no display of increased wealth in our modest household; but my mother had a few extra comforts provided for her by her husband. I made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Ellison, and first saw pretty Margaret Ellison, who is now my wife. When I returned to Eltham, I found that a step was decided upon, which had been in contemplation for some time: that Holdsworth and I should remove our quarters to Hornby; our daily presence, and as much of our time as possible, being required for the completion of the line at that end.

Of course this led to greater facility of intercourse with the Hope Farm people. We could easily walk out there after our day's work was done, and spend a balmy evening hour or two, and yet return before the summer's twilight had quite faded away. Many a time, indeed, we would fain have stayed longer—the open air, the fresh and pleasant country, made so agreeable a contrast to the close, hot town lodgings which I shared with Mr. Holdsworth; but early hours, both at eve and morn, were an imperative necessity with the minister, and he made no scruple at turning either or both of us out of the house directly after evening prayer, or “exercise,” as he called it. The remembrance of many a happy day, and of several little scenes, comes back upon me as I think of that summer. They rise like pictures to my memory, and in this way I can date their succession; for I know that corn-harvest must have come after haymaking, apple-gathering after corn-harvest.

The removal to Hornby took up some time, during which we had neither of us any leisure to go out to the Hope Farm. Mr. Holdsworth had been out there once during my absence at home. One sultry evening, when work was done, he proposed our walking out and paying the Holmans a visit. It so happened that I had omitted to write my usual weekly letter home in our press of business, and I wished to finish that before going out. Then he said that he would go, and that I could follow him if I liked. This I did in about an hour; the weather was so oppressive, I remember, that I took off my coat as

I walked, and hung it over my arm. All the doors and windows at the farm were open when I arrived there, and every tiny leaf on the trees was still. The silence of the place was profound; at first I thought that it was entirely deserted; but just as I drew near the door I heard a weak, sweet voice begin to sing; it was Cousin Holman, all by herself in the house-place, piping up a hymn, as she knitted away in the clouded light. She gave me a kindly welcome, and poured out all the small domestic news of the fortnight past upon me, and, in return, I told her about my own people, and my visit at home.

“Where were the rest?” at length I asked.

Betty and the men were in the field helping with the last load of hay, for the minister said there would be rain before the morning. Yes, and the minister himself and Phillis and Mr. Holdsworth were all there helping. She thought that she herself could have done something; but perhaps she was the least fit for hay-making of any one; and somebody must stay at home and take care of the house, there were so many tramps about; if I had not had something to do with the railroad she would have called them navvies. I asked her if she minded being left alone, as I should like to go and help; and having her full and glad permission to leave her alone, I went off, following her directions: through the farmyard, past the cattle-pond, into the ash-field, beyond into the higher field with two holly-bushes in the middle. I arrived there: there was Betty with all the farming men, and a cleared field, and a heavily laden cart; one man at the top of the great pile ready to catch the fragrant hay which the others threw up to him with their pitchforks; a little heap of cast-off clothes in a corner of the field (for the heat, even at seven o'clock, was insufferable), a few cans and baskets, and Rover lying by them, panting and keeping watch. Plenty of loud, hearty, cheerful talking; but no minister, no Phillis, no Mr. Holdsworth. Betty saw me first, and understanding who it was that I was in search of, she came towards me.

“They’re out yonder—agaft wi’ them things o’ Measter Holdsworth’s.”

So “out yonder” I went; out on to a broad upland common, full of red sandbanks, and sweeps and hollows; bordered by dark firs, purple in the coming shadows, but near

at hand all ablaze with flowering gorse, or, as we call it in the south, furze-brushes, which, seen against the belt of distant trees, appeared brilliantly golden. On this heath, a little way from the field-gate, I saw the three. I counted their heads, joined together in an eager group over Holdsworth's theodolite. He was teaching the minister the practical art of surveying and taking a level. I was wanted to assist, and was quickly set to work to hold the chain. Phillis was as intent as her father; she had hardly time to greet me, so desirous was she to hear some answer to her father's question.

So we went on, the dark clouds still gathering, for perhaps five minutes after my arrival. Then came the blinding lightning and the rumble and quick-following rattling peal of thunder right over our heads. It came sooner than I expected, sooner than they had looked for: the rain delayed not; it came pouring down; and what were we to do for shelter? Phillis had nothing on but indoor things—no bonnet, no shawl. Quick as the darting lightning around us, Holdsworth took off his coat and wrapped it round her neck and shoulders, and almost without a word, hurried us all into such poor shelter as one of the overhanging sandbanks could give. There we were, cowered down, close together, Phillis innermost, almost too tightly packed to free her arms enough to divest herself of the coat, which she, in her turn, tried to put lightly over Holdsworth's shoulders. In doing so she touched his shirt.

"Oh, how wet you are!" she cried, in pitying dismay; "and you've hardly got over your fever! O Mr. Holdsworth, I am so sorry!" He turned his head a little, smiling at her.

"If I do catch cold, it is all my fault for having deluded you into staying out here;" but she only murmured again, "I am so sorry!"

The minister spoke now. "It is a regular downpour. Please God that the hay is saved! But there is no likelihood of its ceasing, and I had better go home at once, and send you all some wraps; umbrellas will not be safe with yonder thunder and lightning."

Both Holdsworth and I offered to go instead of him; but he was resolved, although perhaps it would have been wiser if Holdsworth, wet as he already was, had kept himself in exercise. As he moved off, Phillis

crept out, and could see on to the storm-swept heath. Part of Holdsworth's apparatus still remained exposed to all the rain. Before we could have any warning, she had rushed out of the shelter and collected the various things, and brought them back in triumph to where we crouched. Holdsworth had stood up, uncertain whether to go to her assistance or not. She came running back, her long lovely hair floating and dripping, her eyes glad and bright, and her color freshened to a glow of health by the exercise and the rain.

"Now, Miss Holman, that's what I call wilful," said Holdsworth, as she gave them to him. "No, I won't thank you" (his looks were thanking her all the time). "My little bit of dampness annoyed you, because you thought I had got wet in your service; so you were determined to make me as uncomfortable as you were yourself. It was an unchristian piece of revenge!"

His tone of badinage (as the French call it) would have been palpable enough to any one accustomed to the world; but Phillis was not, and it distressed, or rather bewildered her. "Unchristian" had to her a very serious meaning; it was not a word to be used lightly; and though she did not exactly understand what wrong it was that she was accused of doing, she was evidently desirous to throw off the imputation. At first her earnestness to disclaim unkind motives amused Holdsworth; while his light continuance of the joke perplexed her still more; but at last he said something gravely, and in too low a tone for me to hear, which made her all at once become silent, and called out her blushes. After a while, the minister came back, a moving mass of shawls, cloaks, and umbrellas. Phillis kept very close to her father's side on our return to the farm. She appeared to me to be shrinking away from Holdsworth, while he had not the slightest variation in his manner from what it usually was in his graver moods—kind, protecting, and thoughtful towards her. Of course, there was a great commotion about our wet clothes; but I name the little events of that evening now because I wondered at the time what he had said in that low voice to silence Phillis so effectually, and because, in thinking of their intercourse by the light of future events, that evening stands out with some prominence.

I have said that after our removal to

Hornby our communications with the farm became almost of daily occurrence. Cousin Holman and I were the two who had least to do with this intimacy. After Mr. Holdsworth regained his health, he, too, often talked above her head in intellectual matters, and too often in his light bantering tone for her to feel quite at her ease with him. I really believe that he adopted this latter tone in speaking to her because he did not know what to talk about to a purely motherly woman, whose intellect had never been cultivated, and whose loving heart was entirely occupied with her husband, her child, her household affairs, and, perhaps, a little with the concerns of the members of her husband's congregation, because they, in a way, belonged to her husband. I had noticed before that she had fleeting shadows of jealousy even of Phillis, when her daughter and her husband appeared to have strong interests and sympathies in things which were quite beyond her comprehension. I had noticed it in my first acquaintance with them, I say, and had admired the delicate tact which made the minister, on such occasions, bring the conversation back to such subjects as those on which his wife, with her practical experience of every-day life, was an authority: while Phillis, devoted to her father, unconsciously followed his lead, totally unaware, in her filial reverence, of his motive for doing so.

To return to Holdsworth. The minister had at more than one time spoken of him to me with slight distrust, principally occasioned by the suspicion that his careless words were not always those of soberness and truth. But it was more as a protest against the fascination which the younger man evidently exercised over the elder one—more, as it were, to strengthen himself against yielding to this fascination—that the minister spoke out to me about this failing of Holdsworth's, as it appeared to him. In return Holdsworth was subdued by the minister's uprightness and goodness, and delighted with his clear intellect—his strong, healthy craving after further knowledge. I never met two men who took more thorough pleasure and relish in each other's society. To Phillis his relation continued that of an elder brother; he directed her studies into new paths, he patiently drew out the expression of many of her thoughts and perplexi-

ties and unformed theories—scarcely ever now falling into the vein of banter which she was so slow to understand.

One day—harvest-time—he had been drawing on a loose piece of paper—sketching ears of corn, sketching carts drawn by bullocks and laden with grapes—all the time talking with Phillis and me, Cousin Holman putting in her not pertinent remarks, when suddenly he said to Phillis,—

“Keep your head still; I see a sketch! I have often tried to draw your head from memory, and failed; but I think I can do it now. If I succeed I will give it to your mother. You would like a portrait of your daughters as Ceres, would you not, ma'am?”

“I should like a picture of her; yes, very much, thank you, Mr. Holdsworth; but if you put that straw in her hair” (he was holding some wheat ears above her passive head, looking at the effect with an artistic eye), “you’ll ruffle her hair. Phillis, my dear, if you’re to have your picture taken, go upstairs, and brush your hair smooth.”

“Not on any account. I beg your pardon, but I want hair loosely flowing.”

He began to draw, looking intently at Phillis; I could see this stare of his discomposed her—her color came and went, her breath quickened with the consciousness of his regard; at last, when he said, “Please look at me for a minute or two, I want to get in the eyes,” she looked up at him, quivered, and suddenly got up and left the room. He did not say a word, but went on with some other part of the drawing; his silence was unnatural, and his dark cheek blanched a little. Cousin Holman looked up from her work, and put her spectacles down.

“What’s the matter? Where is she gone?”

Holdsworth never uttered a word, but went on drawing. I felt obliged to say something; it was stupid enough, but stupidity was better than silence just then.

“I’ll go and call her,” said I. So I went into the hall, and to the bottom of the stairs; but just as I was going to call Phillis, she came down swiftly with her bonnet on, and saying, “I’m going to father in the five-acre,” passed out by the open “rector,” right in front of the house-place windows, and out at the little white side-gate. She had been seen by her mother and Holdsworth, as she passed; so there was no need for explana-

tion, only Cousin Holman and I had a long discussion as to whether she could have found the room too hot, or what had occasioned her sudden departure. Holdsworth was very quiet during all the rest of that day; nor did he resume the portrait-taking by his own desire, only at my Cousin Holman's request the next time that he came; and then he said he should not require any more formal sittings for only such a slight sketch as he felt himself capable of making. Phillis was just the same as ever the next time I saw her after her abrupt passing me in the hall. She never gave any explanation of her rush out of the room.

So all things went on, at least as far as my observation reached at the time, or memory can recall now, till the great apple-gathering of the year. The nights were frosty, the mornings and evenings were misty, but at mid-day all was sunny and bright, and it was one mid-day that, both of us being on the line near Heathbridge, and knowing that they were gathering apples at the farm, we resolved to spend the men's dinner-hour in going over there. We found the great clothes-baskets full of apples, scenting the house, and stopping up the way; and an universal air of merry contentment with this the final produce of the year. The yellow leaves hung on the trees ready to flutter down at the slightest puff of air; the great bushes of Michaelmas daisies in the kitchen-garden were making their last show of flowers. We must needs taste the fruit off the different trees, and pass our judgment as to their flavor; and we went away with our pockets stuffed with those that we liked best. As we had passed to the orchard, Holdsworth had admired and spoken about some flower which he saw; it so happened he had never seen this old-fashioned kind since the days of his boyhood. I do not know whether he had thought anything more about this chance speech of his, but I know I had not—when Phillis, who had been missing just at the last moment of our hurried visit, re-appeared, with a little nosegay of this same flower, which she was tying up with a blade of grass. She offered it to Holdsworth as he stood with her father on the point of departure. I saw their faces. I saw for the first time an unmistakable look of love in his black eyes; it was more than gratitude for the little attention; it was tender and beseeching—passionate. She

shrank from it in confusion, her glance fell on me; and partly to hide her emotion, partly out of real kindness at what might appear ungracious neglect of an older friend, she flew off to gather me a few late-blooming China roses. But it was the first time she had ever done anything of the kind for me.

We had to walk fast to be back on the line before the men's return, so we spoke but little to each other, and of course the afternoon was too much occupied for us to have any talk. In the evening we went back to our joint lodgings in Hornby. There, on the table, lay a letter for Holdsworth, which had been forwarded to him from Eltham. As our tea was ready, and I had had nothing to eat since morning, I fell to directly without paying much attention to my companion as he opened and read his letter. He was very silent for a few minutes; at length he said,—

“Old fellow! I'm going to leave you!”

“Leave me!” said I. “How? When?”

“This letter ought to have come to hand sooner. It is from Greathed, the engineer” (Greaded was well known in those days; he is dead now, and his name half-forgotten); he wants to see me about some business; in fact, I may as well tell you, Paul, this letter contains a very advantageous proposal for me to go out to Canada, and superintend the making of a line there.”

I was in utter dismay.

“But what will our company say to that?”

“Oh, Greathed has the superintendence of this line, you know; and he is going to be engineer in chief to this Canadian line; many of the shareholders in this company are going in for the other, so I fancy they will make no difficulty in following Greathed's lead; he says he has a young man ready to put in my place.”

“I hate him,” said I.

“Thank you,” said Holdsworth, laughing.

“But you must not,” he resumed; “for this is a very good thing for me, and, of course, if no one can be found to take my inferior work, I can't be spared to take the superior. I only wish I had received this letter a day sooner. Every hour is of consequence, for Greathed says they are threatening a rival line. Do you know, Paul, I almost fancy I must go up to-night? I can take an engine back to Eltham, and catch the night train. I should not like Greathed to think me lukewarm.”

"But you'll come back?" I asked, distressed at the thought of this sudden parting.

"Oh, yes! At least I hope so. They may want me to go out by the next steamer; that will be on Saturday." He began to eat and drink standing, but I think he was quite unconscious of the nature of either his food or his drink.

"I will go to-night. Activity and readiness go a long way in our profession. Remember that, my boy! I hope I shall come back, but if I don't, be sure and recollect all the words of wisdom that have fallen from my lips. Now where's the portmanteau? If I can gain half an hour for a gathering up of my things in Eltham, so much the better. I'm clear of debt, anyhow; and what I owe for my lodgings you can pay for me out of my quarter's salary, due Nov. 4th."

"Then you don't think you will come back?" I said, despondingly.

"I will come back sometime, never fear," said he, kindly. "I may be back in a couple of days, having been found incompetent for the Canadian work; or I may not be wanted to go out so soon as I now anticipate. Anyhow, you don't suppose I am going to forget you, Paul—this work out there ought not to take me above two years, and perhaps, after that, we may be employed together again."

Perhaps! I had very little hope. The same kind of happy days never returns. However, I did all I could in helping him: clothes, papers, books, instruments; how we pushed and struggled—how I stuffed! All was done in a much shorter time than we had calculated upon, when I had run down to the sheds to order the engine. I was going to drive him to Eltham. We sat ready for a summons. Holdsworth took up the little nosegay that he had brought away from the Hope Farm, and had laid on the mantel-piece on first coming into the room. He smelt at it, and caressed it with his lips.

"What grieves me is that I did not know—that I have not said good-by to—to them."

He spoke in a grave tone, the shadow of the coming separation falling upon him at last.

"I will tell them," said I. "I am sure they will be very sorry." Then we were silent.

"I never liked any family so much."

"I knew you would like them."

"How one's thoughts change,—this morning I was full of a hope, Paul." He paused, and then he said,—

"You put that sketch in carefully?"

"That outline of a head?" asked I. But I knew he meant an abortive sketch of Phillis, which had not been successful enough for him to complete it with shading or coloring.

"Yes. What a sweet innocent face it is! and yet so— Oh, dear!"

He sighed and got up, his hands in his pockets, to walk up and down the room in evident disturbance of mind. He suddenly stopped opposite to me.

"You'll tell them how it all was. Be sure and tell the good minister that I was so sorry not to wish him good-by, and to thank him and his wife for all their kindness. As for Phillis,—please God in two years I'll be back and tell her myself all in my heart."

"You love Phillis, then?" said I.

"Love her!—yes, that I do. Who could help it, seeing her as I have done? Her character as unusual and rare as her beauty! God bless her! God keep her in her high tranquillity, her pure innocence! Two years! It is a long time. But she lives in such seclusion, almost like the sleeping beauty, Paul,"—(he was smiling now, though a minute before I had thought him on the verge of tears.)—"but I shall come back like a prince from Canada, and waken her to my love. I can't help hoping that it won't be difficult, eh, Paul?"

This touch of coxcombry displeased me a little, and I made no answer. He went on, half apologetically,—

"You see, the salary they offer me is large; and beside that, this experience will give me a name which will entitle me to expect a still larger in any future undertaking."

"That won't influence Phillis."

"No! but it will make me more eligible in the eyes of her father and mother."

I made no answer.

"You give me your best wishes, Paul," said he, almost pleading. "You would like me for a cousin?"

I heard the scream and whistle of the engine ready down at the sheds.

"Ay, that I should," I replied, suddenly softened towards my friend now that he was going away. "I wish you were to be married to-morrow, and I were to be best man."

"Thank you, lad. Now for this cursed

portmanteau; (how the minister would be shocked!) but it is heavy!" and off we sped into the darkness.

He only just caught the night train at Eltham, and I slept, desolately enough, at my old lodgings at Miss Dawson's, for that night. Of course the next few days I was busier than ever, doing both his work and my own. Then came a letter from him, very short and affectionate. He was going out in the Saturday steamer, as he had more than half expected; and by the following Monday the man who was to succeed him would be down at Eltham. There was a P.S., with only these words:—

"My nosegay goes with me to Canada; but I do not need it to remind me of Hope Farm."

Saturday came; but it was very late before I could go out to the farm. It was a frosty night; the stars shone clear above me, and the road was crisping beneath my feet. They must have heard my footsteps before I got up to the house. They were sitting at their usual employments in the house-place when I went in. Phillis's eyes went beyond me in their look of welcome, and then fell in quiet disappointment on her work.

"And where's Mr. Holdsworth?" asked Cousin Holman, in a minute or two. "I hope his cold is not worse,—I did not like his short cough."

I laughed awkwardly; for I felt that I was the bearer of unpleasant news.

"His cold had need be better—for he's gone—gone away to Canada!"

I purposely looked away from Phillis, as I thus abruptly told my news.

"To Canada!" said the minister.

"Gone away!" said his wife.

But no word from Phillis.

"Yes!" said I. "He found a letter at Hornby when we got home the other night—when we got home from here; he ought to have got it sooner; he was ordered to go up to London directly, and to see some people about a new line in Canada, and he's gone to lay it down; he has sailed to-day. He was sadly grieved not to have time to come out and wish you all good-by; but he started for London within two hours after he got that letter. He bade me thank you most gratefully for all your kindnesses; he was very sorry not to come here once again."

Phillis got up, and left the room with noiseless steps.

"I am very sorry," said the minister.

"I am sure so am I!" said Cousin Holman. "I was real fond of that lad ever since I nursed him last June after that bad fever."

The minister went on asking me questions respecting Holdsworth's future plans; and brought out a large, old-fashioned atlas, that he might find out the exact places between which the new railroad was to run. Then supper was ready; it was always on the table as soon as the clock on the stairs struck eight, and down came Phillis—her face white and set, her dry eyes looking defiance to me, for I am afraid I hurt her maidenly pride by my glance of sympathetic interest as she entered the room. Never a word did she say—never a question did she ask about the absent friend, yet she forced herself to talk.

And so it was all the next day. She was as pale as could be, like one who has received some shock; but she would not let me talk to her, and she tried hard to behave as usual. Two or three times I repeated, in public, the various affectionate messages to the family with which I was charged by Holdsworth; but she took no more notice of them than if my words had been empty air. And in this mood I left her on the sabbath evening.

My new master was not half so indulgent as my old one. He kept up strict discipline as to hours, so that it was some time before I could again go out, even to pay a call at the Hope Farm.

It was a cold, misty evening in November. The air, even indoors, seemed full of haze; yet there was a great log burning on the hearth, which ought to have made the room cheerful. Cousin Holman and Phillis were sitting at the little round table before the fire, working away in silence. The minister had his books out on the dresser, seemingly deep in study, by the light of his solitary candle; perhaps the fear of disturbing him made the unusual stillness of the room. But a welcome was ready for me from all; not noisy, not demonstrative—that it never was; my damp wrappers were taken off, the next meal was hastened, and a chair placed for me on one side of the fire, so that I pretty much commanded a view of the room. My eye caught on Phillis, looking so pale and weary, and with a sort of aching tone (if I may call it so) in her voice. She was doing all the accus-

tomated things—fulfilling small household duties, but somehow differently—I can't tell you how, for she was just as deft and quick in her movements, only the light spring was gone out of them. Cousin Holman began to question me; even the minister put aside his books, and came and stood on the opposite side of the fireplace, to hear what waft of intelligence I brought. I had first to tell them why I had not been to see them for so long—more than five weeks. The answer was simple enough; business and the necessity of attending strictly to the orders of a new superintendent, who had not yet learned trust, much less indulgence. The minister nodded his approval of my conduct, and said,—

"Right, Paul! 'Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh.' I have had my fears lest you had too much license under Edward Holdsworth."

"Ah," said Cousin Holman, "poor Mr. Holdsworth, he'll be on the salt seas by this time!"

"No, indeed," said I, "he's landed. I have had a letter from him from Halifax."

Immediately a shower of questions fell thick upon me. When? How? What was he doing? How did he like it? What sort of a voyage? etc.

"Many is the time we have thought of him when the wind was blowing so hard; the old quince-tree is blown down, Paul, that on the right-hand of the great pear-tree; it was blown down last Monday week, and it was that night that I asked the minister to pray in an especial manner for all them that went down in ships upon the great deep, and he said then, that Mr. Holdsworth might be already landed; but I said, even if the prayer did not fit him, it was sure to be fitting somebody out at sea, who would need the Lord's care. Both Phillis and I thought he would be a month on the seas."

Phillis began to speak, but her voice did not come rightly at first. It was a little higher pitched than usual, when she said—

"We thought he would be a month if he went in a sailing-vessel, or perhaps longer. I suppose he went in a steamer?"

"Old Obadiah Grimshaw was more than six weeks in getting to America," observed Cousin Holman.

"I presume he cannot as yet tell how he likes his new work?" asked the minister.

"No! he is but just landed; it is but one page long. I'll read it to you, shall I?"

"DEAR PAUL,—We are safe on shore, after a rough passage. Thought you would like to hear this, but homeward-bound steamer is making signals for letters. Will write again soon. It seems a year since I left Hornby. Longer since I was at the farm. I have got my nosegay safe. Remember me to the Holmans.

Yours,

"E. H."

"That's not much, certainly," said the minister. "But it's a comfort to know he's on land these blowy nights."

Phillis said nothing. She kept her head bent down over her work; but I don't think she put a stitch in, while I was reading the letter. I wondered if she understood what nosegay was meant; but I could not tell. When next she lifted up her face, there were two spots of brilliant color on the cheeks that had been so pale before. After I had spent an hour or two there, I was bound to return back to Hornby. I told them I did not know when I could come again, as we—by which I mean the company—had undertaken the Hensleydale line; that branch for which poor Holdsworth was surveying when he caught his fever.

"But you'll have a holiday at Christmas," said my cousin. "Surely they'll not be such heathens as to work you then?"

"Perhaps the lad will be going home," said the minister, as if to mitigate his wife's urgency; but for all that, I believe he wanted me to come. Phillis fixed her eyes on me with a wistful expression, hard to resist. But, indeed, I had no thought of resisting. Under my new master I had no hope of a holiday long enough to enable me to go to Birmingham and see my parents with any comfort; and nothing could be pleasanter to me than to find myself at home at my cousin's for a day or two, then. So it was fixed that we were to meet in Hornby Chapel on Christmas-Day, and that I was to accompany them home after service, and if possible to stay over the next day.

I was not able to get to chapel till late on the appointed day, and so I took a seat near the door in considerable shame, although it really was not my fault. When the service was ended, I went and stood in the porch to await the coming out of my cousins. Some worthy people belonging to the congregation

clustered into a group just where I stood, and exchanged the good wishes of the season. It had just begun to snow, and this occasioned a little delay, and they fell into further conversation. I was not attending to what was not meant for me to hear, till I caught the name of Phillis Holman. And then I listened; where was the harm?

"I never saw any one so changed!"

"I asked Mrs. Holman," quoth another, "'is Phillis well?' and she just said she had been having a cold which had pulled her down; she did not seem to think anything of it."

"They had best take care of her," said one of the oldest of the good ladies; "Phillis comes of a family as is not long-lived. Her mother's sister, Lydia Green, her own aunt as was, died of a decline just when she was about this lass's age."

This ill-omened talk was broken in upon by the coming out of the minister, his wife and daughter, and the consequent interchange of Christmas compliments. I had had a shock, and felt heavy-hearted and anxious, and hardly up to making the appropriate replies to the kind greetings of my relations. I looked askance at Phillis. She had certainly grown taller and slighter, and was thinner; but there was a flush of color on her face which deceived me for a time, and made me think she was looking as well as ever. I only saw her paleness after we had returned to the farm, and she had subsided into silence and quiet. Her gray eyes looked hollow and sad; her complexion was of a dead white. But she went about just as usual; at least, just as she had done the last time I was there, and seemed to have no ailment; and I was inclined to think that my cousin was right when she had answered the inquiries of the good-natured gossips, and told them that Phillis was suffering from the consequences of a bad cold, nothing more.

I have said that I was to stay over the next day; a great deal of snow had come down, but not all, they said, though the ground was covered deep with the white fall. The minister was anxiously housing his cattle, and preparing all things for a long continuance of the same kind of weather. The men were chopping wood, sending wheat to the mill to be ground before the road should become impassable for a cart and horse. My cousin and Phillis had gone up-stairs to the

apple-room to cover up the fruit from the frost. I had been out the greater part of the morning, and came in about an hour before dinner. To my surprise, knowing how she had planned to be engaged, I found Phillis sitting at the dresser, resting her head on her two hands and reading, or seeming to read. She did not look up when I came in, but murmured something about her mother having sent her down out of the cold. It flashed across me that she was crying, but I put it down to some little spurt of temper; I might have known better than to suspect the gentle, serene Phillis of crossness, poor girl! I stooped down, and began to stir and build up the fire, which appeared to have been neglected. While my head was down I heard a noise which made me pause and listen—a sob, an unmistakable, irrepressible sob. I started up.

"Phillis!" I cried, going towards her, with my hand out, to take hers for sympathy with her sorrow, whatever it was. But she was too quick for me; she held her hand out of my grasp, for fear of my detaining her; as she quickly passed out of the house, she said,—

"Don't, Paul! I cannot bear it!" and passed me, still sobbing, and went out into the keen, open air.

I stood still and wondered. What could have come to Phillis? The most perfect harmony prevailed in the family, and Phillis especially, good and gentle as she was, was so beloved that if they had found out that her finger ached, it would have cast a shadow over their hearts. Had I done anything to vex her? No: she was crying before I came in. I went to look at her book—one of those unintelligible Italian books. I could make neither head nor tail of it. I saw some pencil-notes on the margin, in Holdsworth's handwriting.

Could that be it? Could that be the cause of her white looks, her weary eyes, her wasted figure, her struggling sobs? This idea came upon me like a flash of lightning on a dark night, making all things so clear we cannot forget them afterwards when the gloomy obscurity returns. I was still standing with the book in my hand when I heard Cousin Holman's footsteps on the stairs, and as I did not wish to speak to her just then, I followed Phillis's example, and rushed out of the house. The snow was lying on the

ground; I could track her feet by the marks they had made; I could see where Rover had joined her. I followed on till I came to a great stack of wood in the orchard—it was built up against the back wall of the out-buildings,—and I recollected then how Phillis had told me, that first day when we strolled about together, that underneath this stack had been her hermitage, her sanctuary, when she was a child; how she used to bring her book to study there, or her work when she was not wanted in the house; and she had now evidently gone back to this quiet retreat of her childhood, forgetful of the clue given me by her footmarks on the new-fallen snow. The stack was built up very high, but through the interstices of the sticks I could see her figure, although I did not all at once perceive how I could get to her. She was sitting on a log of wood, Rover by her. She had laid her cheek on Rover's head, and had her arm round his neck, partly for a pillow, partly from an instinctive craving for warmth on that bitter cold day. She was making a low moan, like an animal in pain, or perhaps more like the sobbing of the wind. Rover, highly flattered by her caresses, and also, perhaps, touched by sympathy, was flapping his heavy tail against the ground, but not otherwise moving a hair, until he heard my approach with his quick erected ears. Then, with a short, abrupt bark of distrust, he sprang up as if to leave his mistress. Both he and I were immovably still for a moment. I was not sure if what I longed to do was wise: and yet I could not bear to see the sweet serenity of my dear cousin's life so disturbed by a suffering which I thought I could assuage. But Rover's ears were sharper than my breathing was noiseless: he heard me, and sprang out from under Phillis's restraining hand.

"O Rover, don't you leave me too!" she plained out.

"Phillis!" said I, seeing by Rover's exit that the entrance to where she sat was to be found on the other side of the stack. "Phillis, come out! You have got a cold already; and it is not fit for you to sit there on such a day as this. You know how displeased and anxious it would make them all."

She sighed, but obeyed: stooping a little, she came out, and stood upright, opposite to me in the lonely, leafless orchard. Her face looked so meek and so sad that I felt as if I

ought to beg her pardon for my necessarily authoritative words.

"Sometimes I feel the house so close," she said; "and I used to sit under the wood-stack when I was a child. It was very kind of you, but there was no need to come after me. I don't catch cold easily."

"Come with me into this cow-house, Phillis. I have got something to say to you; and I can't stand this cold, if you can."

I think she would have fain run away again; but her fit of energy was all spent. She followed me unwillingly enough—that I could see. The place to which I took her was full of the fragrant breath of the cows, and was a little warmer than the outer air. I put her inside, and stood myself in the doorway, thinking how I could best begin. At last I plunged into it.

"I must see that you don't get cold for more reasons than one; if you are ill, Holdsworth will be so anxious and miserable out there" (by which I meant Canada)—

She shot one penetrating look at me, and then turned her face away with a slightly impatient movement. If she could have run away then she would, but I held the means of exit in my own power. "In for a penny in for a pound," thought I, and I went on rapidly, anyhow,—

"He talked so much about you, just before he left—that night after he had been here, you know—and you had given him those flowers." She put her hands up to hide her face, but she was listening now—listening with all her ears.

"He had never spoken much about you before, but the sudden going away unlocked his heart, and he told me how he loved you, and how he hoped on his return that you might be his wife."

"Don't," said she, almost gasping out the word, which she had tried once or twice before to speak; but her voice had been choked. Now she put her hand backwards; she had quite turned away from me, and felt for mine. She gave it a soft, lingering pressure; and then she put her arms down on the wooden division, and laid her head on it, and cried quiet tears. I did not understand her at once, and feared lest I had mistaken the whole case, and only annoyed her. I went up to her. "O Phillis! I am so sorry—I thought you would, perhaps, have cared to hear it; he did talk so feelingly, as if he did

love you so much, and somehow I thought it would give you pleasure."

She lifted up her head and looked at me. Such a look! Her eyes, glittering with tears as they were, expressed an almost heavenly happiness; her tender mouth was curved with rapture—her color vivid and blushing; but as if she was afraid her face expressed too much, more than the thankfulness to me she was essaying to speak, she hid it again almost immediately. So it was all right then, and my conjecture was well-founded! I tried to remember something more to tell her of what he had said, but again she stopped me.

"Don't," she said. She still kept her face covered and hidden. In half a minute she added, in a very low voice, "Please, Paul, I think I would rather not hear any more—I don't mean but what I have—but what I am very much obliged— Only—only,

I think I would rather hear the rest from himself when he comes back."

And then she cried a little more, in quite a different way. I did not say any more; I waited for her. By and by she turned towards me—not meeting my eyes, however; and putting her hand in mine just as if we were two children, she said,—

"We had best go back now—I don't look as if I had been crying, do I?"

"You look as if you had a bad cold," was all the answer I made.

"Oh! but I am—I am quite well, only cold; and a good run will warm me. Come along, Paul."

So we ran, hand in hand, till, just as we were on the threshold of the house, she stopped—

"Paul, please, we won't speak about *that* again."

MR. MURRAY'S annual trade sale, which took place on the 11th Nov., at the Albion Tavern, resulted in that series of good round numbers which are so refreshing in the eyes of publishers and authors. A number of the leading representatives of the trade sat down to dinner; and among those who were present as personal friends of Mr. Murray, we observed Mr. Foster Kirk, the author of "The History of Charles the Bold," the leading book of the evening. Of Mr. Kirk's work 1,500 copies were immediately sold. The edition of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose," with 112 original designs by Cooper, sold 2,000. Sir C. Lyell's new edition of his "Antiquity of Man" sold 800. The sale of Mr. Smiles's "Industrial Biography" reached 10,000, while the same author's "Self-Help" again sold 4,200. The two concluding volumes of Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" sold 3,500. Among other sales worth noting, we find 450 Mr. Gladstone's "Financial Statements," 500 Dr. Hannah's "Bampton Lectures," 900 Dr. Percy's "Metallurgy of Iron and Steel," 900 Handbooks to the Cathedrals, 500 Milman's "Early Christianity," 900 "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," 800 "Student's Manual of English Literature," 500 Lord Houghton's Poems, 10,000 of Mr. Murray's Historical Manuals for Students, 1,200 James's Esop's Fables, 3,200 King Edward VI.'s Latin Grammar, 700 "Little Arthur's England," 700 Canon Stanley's "Sinai," 4,000 Smith's Latin Dictionaries, 3,000 Smith's Classical Dictionaries, 7,500 Smith's Greek and Latin School-Books, 5,000 Smith's Smaller Histories, 10,000 Mrs. Markham's Histories, 1,000 Smiles's "George

Stephenson," 1,500 Hallam's Works, 1,000 Murray's "British Classics," 500 Blunt's "Undesigned Coincidences," 300 Canon Robertson's "Church History," and, lastly, 900 of Canon Stanley's "Historical Lectures."—*Publisher's Circular*.

FROM New Zealand we hear of a very important geographical discovery. Martin's Bay, on the west coast of the southern island, had long been known to receive a river flowing from the interior; but the river has now been explored by a Dr. Hector, found to be navigable for a great distance, to be directly connected with a considerable lake, and to bring him by water within forty-six hours' march of Lake Wakitepu. This will open up the interior of the southern island for at least one hundred miles, and a settlement on Martin's Bay is very likely to eclipse Dunedin.—*Spectator*, 19 Dec.

THE French Government has decided that general officers, however employed, must quit the service at the age of seventy. A similar rule, to be broken only by a formal resolution of both Houses, is urgently required in Great Britain, but will not, of course, be conceded. Our statesmen have forgotten the value of youth as a motive power, and to the present chiefs of the Administration men of fifty seem "rising young men," and men of forty boys. A Cabinet Minister of thirty would shock Lord Palmerston, and a general of twenty-five suggest to the clubs that the end of the world was at hand.—*Spectator*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CAPTAIN SPEKE'S JOURNAL.*

WHEN the doubling of the Cape has to be spoken of as an achievement of distant times, and the newly discovered hemisphere has a history of centuries, and the Australian continent is fast following the example—to hear of it as the last piece of momentous news in this year 1863, that the oldest and most familiar river in the world has just been fully opened to our knowledge, is something that seems to throw us back into the infancy of society. Surely, there is nothing in the world that so completely unites the old and the recent as this river. At one end it belongs to Moses and Herodotus, the Sphinxes and the Pyramids; at the other, the different notable points are named after our gracious Queen, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, Sir Roderrick Murchison, the Earl of Ripon, and Jordan, the Somersetshire home of the discoverer's ancestors.

True, it is not for the first time that the solution of the great problem has been announced. Apart from the triumphs arrogated by mere pretenders, a century has very nearly elapsed since James Bruce, after describing how, barefooted, he ran down the hill to the sacred spring, suffering many hard falls from the slippery bulbous roots on the surface of the soil, thus proclaimed his sensations to the world: "It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honor had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encourage-

*"Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile." By John Hanning Speke, Captain H.M. Indian Army; Fellow and Gold-medalist of the Royal Geographical Society; Hon. Corr. Member and Gold-medalist of the French Geographical Society, etc. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1863.

ment of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood—the object of my vainglory—suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph."

It would have depressed it still more had he known that he was not in the place he sought. Where the Nile divides he had selected the Blue branch, which is shorter, and in every way less important, than the White; and therefore made a choice which, to one professing to reach the farthest source, was a mistake. That he made a mistake, however, cannot detract from his well-earned fame as a brave man, an indefatigable explorer, a mighty linguist, and a brilliant writer; and it is consolatory to remember that he passed away without knowing the deficiency of his achievement, and that the noble and susceptible nature, teased in declining years by malignity and paltry jealousy, was not robbed of the great delusion that upheld it.

Like all great discoveries, the present was the fruit of an original idea, born of an intuitive genius for this particular kind of achievement. It was by an inversion of the previous efforts, which had been failures. Those ambitious of accomplishing the discovery of the river-head naturally enough tried to force their way up to it from the mouth; and so it came on every weary, baffled aspirant, that

"Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet."

The new idea was to cross Africa at right angles to the course of the river, strike the head waters, and verify them by sailing down. And this was what was done. At between three and four thousand miles' distance from the known portions of the Nile, the discoverer started in a direction nearly opposite to where these lie. Thus, in October, 1860, along with his genial companion and assistant, Captain Grant, he left behind him the last vestiges of European civilization at Zanzibar, a small island six degrees south of the equator, well known to African traders; and he saw no European countenance, or any man versed in our ways of Christian civilization, until, descending the Nile, he reached Gondokoro in February, 1863, and there met a fellow-countryman who had gone in search of him.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the conception now so brilliantly accom-

plished dawned on its author in the course of an exploring expedition through the lake districts of tropical Africa, of which he gave an account in some articles in this magazine in 1859.

It was naturally among eminent geographers only that the important conclusion to which these articles pointed could be fully comprehended. But to the rest of the world also, instead of being only an amusing narrative of an adventurous expedition through unknown regions, they must now be held in esteem as the harbingers of a mighty discovery. When on this expedition, he set eyes on the broad waters of the Victoria N'yanza, he said to himself, "All right—here's the Nile top;" or, as he told it more appropriately to the world in his narrative, "When the vast expanse of the pale-blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon my view, . . . I no longer felt any doubt that the lake at my feet gave birth to that interesting river, the source of which has been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers."—(*Maga* for October, 1859, pp. 411, 412). And this faith, grounded on a special sagacity or instinct for discovery, seems never to have faltered; inasmuch that, even when he set sail on the river's bosom, there was no more lingering doubt to be confirmed than the experienced navigator feels about his arrival in any familiar port. Yet, like other discoverers, he had not only entirely to rely on his own resources for his belief, but to fight for it against strong adversaries.

In his first expedition to the African lakes he happened to be the junior officer, and his senior in command seems to have considered his conclusion a sort of heresy amounting to insubordination; and not only did he harbor this opinion, but proclaimed it very loudly to the world, laughing in loud print at the folly of the Sub who thought he had made a great discovery;—so adding to the many melancholy illustrations of the wise counsel that, if fallible human beings are determined to prophesy, it is safer to do so in the positive than in the negative—to predict that something *will* take place, not that it *will never*, since fact may prove the falsity of the latter before the seer has departed, but the event that is to be may be supposed only to be postponed. There was, too, it appears, a curious local difficulty to be overcome in the informa-

tion of the natives, who all concurred in the statement that towards the north a large river ran into the lake, excepting those who said it had no bounds at all in that direction. This last view was disposed of by the use of a common word for lake and water, so that the river was the boundless continuation. But for the other assertion a more subtle solution had to be found in a peculiarity of the structure of the language, which made it appear to invert its meaning, and speak of water as running into the lake as the means of conveying the meaning that it ran out. When we remember that the German for going to a place means, in its other uses, from, while from means of, and that there, as well as in Scotland, in calculations of time, half-four means three and a half, we may have a notion—but still rather an imperfect one—of such a specialty.

Without further preliminary we shall now quote the description of the Nile as it actually tumbles out of the great lake. The spot is distant from the mouth some 2,300 miles—more than thirty-four degrees of latitude, and nearly a tenth of the whole circumference of the globe. As the river breaks through a dyke in something like a cataract, the place is called by the natives simply "The Stones."

"*To Ripon Falls, 28th.*—At last, with a good push for it, crossing hills and threading huge grasses, as well as extensive village plantations lately devastated by elephants,—they had eaten all that was eatable, and what would not serve for food they had destroyed with their trunks, not one plantain or one hut being left entire,—we arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as King Mtésa's palace, and just forty miles east of it.

"We were well rewarded; for the 'Stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, was by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing; and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and tak-

ing post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake,—made in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza, to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned."

What will probably cause most surprise in the reader who alights on such a passage without being prepared for it by the specialties of this altogether surprising book, is its homely, undramatized simplicity. While the unsuccessful explorers drag us through deserts of stone and sand and salt, diversified by the sweep of some terrific monsoon, or stick us fast in impenetrable jungles among snakes and centipedes—

"Where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh in blistering dew"—

here we have the active fishermen, the ferry crossing and recrossing, the goodly kine coming down to drink, the gardens, the small verdant hills,—barring the hippopotami and crocodiles, for all the world like a scene in Westmoreland.

If "up the Nile" should ever become as householdish words as "up the Rhine," then, when the cretaceous crocodile and his fat friend the genial hippopotamus are disturbed in the inward recesses of their watery residences by the splash of the paddle-wheel and the shriek of the railway-whistle—then will the descriptions of the first European who

set eyes on these regions be stereotyped into all the Murrays, and be read by lazy luxurious tourists at the bow-windows of their hotels, and tested by the actual vision before them. But this generation will probably pass away before tourism has penetrated thus far, and in the mean time the world must be content with the discoverer's description of what he saw. Let us give a little more of it, premising that, although he approached the Nile from the Victoria N'yanza Lake, his first sight of the river was not at the exit described in the quotation. For reasons connected with the facilities for transit through the states bordering on the lake, he had to strike the river some way down, and walk to its exit; so it fell out that his first sight of the actual Nile occurred at Urondogani, on the 21st of July, 1862; and he thus describes what he saw with sententious brevity:—

"Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly kept park; with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterna and crocodiles basking in the sun,—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the *nsunnū* and *hartebeest* could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and *florikan* and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good."

Had the discoverer been very much disposed to moralize aloud about the historical and religious associations—rich almost beyond any earthly parallel—of the sight on which he looked, he would have found a rather discouraging auditory in his assistants. To some of them he appears to have ventured on a remark appropriate to the solemn occasion; it was responded to by his faithful lieutenant and aide-de-camp, Bombay, a personage in whom the reader of this journal becomes extremely interested; and his comment is about as good an instance of the thorough materialism of the tropical mind as we remember to have seen:—

"I told my men they ought to shave their heads and bathe in the holy river, the cradle

of Moses—the waters of which, sweetened with sugar, men carry all the way from Egypt to Mecca; and sell to the pilgrims. But Bombay, who is a philosopher of the Epicurean school, said, 'We don't look on those things in the same fanciful manner that you do; we are contented with all the common-places of life, and look for nothing beyond the present. If things don't go well, it is God's will; and if they do go well, that is his will also.' "

Going up from the point where the river is first sighted to its exit from the lake, the traveller favors the world with another short description of a rapid in the course of his walk :—

"I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain-gardens. Nango, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain-squash and dried fish, with pombé. He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft, cloudy anemias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen, like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping, wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and, by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wangūana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings."

The people at the top of the Nile had no more notion of where its waters went to, or who lived at the other end, than we had of its source, or the dwellers in that region;

and entireness of ignorance cannot be more strongly expressed. It always seems strange to us that there should be anywhere a people who, themselves in some measure civilized, should not be acquainted with us, their superiors and masters in civilization. But this notion is a relic of provincialism. The Cockney—about the most ignorant creature in the world, who thinks all Scotsmen wear kilts and lubricate themselves with sulphur, and all Frenchmen feed on frogs and play on the fiddle—cannot easily imagine a place where London is unknown. Europe must be content to find that Uganda has been in total ignorance of the Overland Route or the Suez Canal, of Napoleon and Nelson—of all the illustrious men and nations and deeds, the associations of which have clustered round the mighty river for some three thousand years. There is evidence, however, that the Greek geographers knew about the Mountains of the Moon and the great lake. The knowledge of each other may probably at one time have been mutual; and it almost looks like a tradition of such a thing, that there is still a sacredness about the great lake beyond what it would seem entitled to as a mere sheet of water. This is impersonated by a kind of Neptune—a being whom the natives have invested with as much of the nature of a deity as it is in their own natures to conceive. He has a kind of priesthood, who seem to be so far in his confidence as to know the sort of weather he is working with at any given time; and, after the manner of their order all over the world, they profess, to some limited and imperfect extent, to have a vote in such questions, or an influence in propitiating the supreme will, which is of course a source of more or less influence on their own power and earthly interests.

In a grand regatta or boating party, which the King of Uganda has on the lake, we are introduced to the domestic circle of this Neptune's high-priest—a sort of watery archbishop, supreme, apparently, within his own dominions; and surely never before was ecclesiastical dignity painted for us in so Teniers-like a fashion. The monarch directs the boats to paddle towards "an island occupied by the Mgussa or Neptune of the N'yanza—not in person, for Mgussa is a spirit, but by his familiar or deputy, the great medium who communicates the secrets of the deep to the King of Uganda. In

another sense he might be said to be the presiding priest of the source of the Nile, and as such was of course an interesting person for me to meet."

"We turned into the hut of the Mgussa's familiar, which at the farther end was decorated with many mystic symbols,—amongst others a paddle, the badge of his high office,—and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goat-skin apron, adorned with numerous charms, and used a paddle for a mace or walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so—walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style. The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures, by turn, as much as to say, What do you think of them? but no voice was heard save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce—had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she came.

"At this juncture the Mgussa's familiar, motioned the Kamraviona and several officers to draw around him, when, in a very low tone, he gave them all the orders of the deep, and walked away. His revelations seemed unpropitious, for we immediately repaired to our boats and returned to our quarters."

Although the ancient river and the mighty lake are the points on which the discoverer's fame will naturally concentrate, the world's obligations to him go much farther. Whether or not he has laid out a new touring district, as securely as we can calculate upon the world not retrograding into barbarism and poverty, so surely can we calculate on a new and vast field of enterprise and industry having been developed. As no one had penetrated to the interior of tropical Africa, it fell to the philosophers, by a system of induction, to tell us what sort of place it is. They were mistaken in their inference, as poor human beings from time to time will be, even though they should call themselves philosophers. That far to the north and far to the south of the equator were vast arid deserts of sand and salt, was a palpable truth.

Reason was then shown why the moisture of which these tracts were deprived was concentrated at the equator, where it caused drenching rains, which, under the heat of the sun, encumbered the earth with a rank vegetation generative of pestilent miasmas, and altogether forming a tract too spongily saturated to be bent to human use by tile-draining, or any of the other puny operations of existing agriculture.

Bold speculators, indeed, indulged in a dream that Providence had set down two great compensating elements in Africa, which were some day to test the engineering skill of man in subduing them to co-operation for his advantage. The surplus waters of Central Africa were to irrigate the sandy plains on either side, sending forth its own pestilential elements to confer fruitfulness on the desert. It is a pity, perhaps, but these fine speculations have been ruined by the discovery that the equatorial belt does not contain pestilential elements to be got rid of. There is neither excessive moisture nor excessive heat, and the climate appears to be one of the finest in the world. It might have been exactly as the philosophers settled it, but for the important fact that the country is a tableland, varying from three thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, so that what raises us above vegetation and into the regions of eternal snow at this latitude, brings us up to a temperate climate at the equator.

The discoverer saw a large tract of this kind of country. He thinks it stretches right across Africa, bisected by the equator; and the geographical sagacity he has shown bespeaks confidence for this opinion. There are districts of rich, alluvial country, full of food, animal and vegetable, resembling the finer parts of Dorset or Somerset; and if the Dorsetshire or Somersetshire farm-laborer could realize the abundant luxuries at the command of the people of these favored districts, his teeth would water, and he would sigh with the rain wish that he had been born black and blubber-lipped, and set down in tropical Africa. Butcher-meat in all varieties, from the rarest game kind to the full-bodied beef of the buffalo, abounds, and is well cooked; while the plantain affords a substitute—and a capital one—for bread and potatoes. A sort of wine, or strong beer, made from the plantain, and called pombé, appears

to abound to an extent that would greatly distress the British League of Total Abstemious. In fact, these dusky descendants of Ham, instead of being cursed for the indecorous conduct of their great ancestor, would appear to be endowed with a fund of material happiness beyond what poor fallen human nature is entitled to expect, were it not for such slight drawbacks as their constant liability to be kidnapped as slaves, or put to death by tyrannical kings, and to be decimated by famines, caused by their own carelessness in neglecting to make any sort of provision for an unproductive period, however brief. But these slight crooks in their lot appear to give them no uneasiness, and to abate nothing from the rollicking, easy manner in which they journey through life, with a resolution to live by the way. In fact, in this weary, working, utilitarian world of ours, it mightily refreshes one to read the accounts, one after another, of jolly, merry scenes with which this book abounds. It is like travelling with an excessively good-humored, genial, and amusing companion.

Thus the allusions to high cultivation and affluence are naturally not concentrated in any one place, but crop out through the work, mingled with social contrasts which are not without their parallels in the countries we are in use to call civilized. The expedition has penetrated some seven or eight hundred miles through the interior, when, on the edge of the great lake, near the territory of Uganda, the following successive sketches occur:—

“On arrival at Ngambézi, I was immensely struck with the neatness and good arrangement of the place, as well as its excessive beauty and richness. No part of Bengal or Zanzibar could excel it in either respect; and my men, with one voice, exclaimed, ‘Ah, what people these Waganda are!’ and passed other remarks, which may be abridged as follows: ‘They build their huts and keep their gardens just as well as we do at Ungüja, with screens and enclosures for privacy, a clearance in front of their establishments, and a baraza or reception-hut facing the buildings. Then, too, what a beautiful prospect it has!—rich, marshy plains studded with mounds, on each of which grows the umbrella cactus, or some other evergreen tree; and beyond, again, another hill-spur such as the one we have crossed over.’ One of King Mtésa’s uncles, who had not been burned to death by the order of the late King Sumna on his ascension to the throne, was the proprietor of this place, but unfortu-

nately he was from home. However, his substitute gave me his baraza to live in, and brought many presents of goats, fowls, sweet potatoes, yams, plantains, sugar-cane, and Indian-corn, and apologized in the end for deficiency in hospitality. I, of course, gave him beads in return.

“Continuing over the same kind of ground in the next succeeding spurs of the streaky red-clay sandstone hills, we put up at the residence of Isamgévi, a Mkungü, or district officer of Rûmanika’s. His residence was as well kept as Mtésa’s uncle’s; but instead of a baraza fronting his house, he had a small enclosure, with three small huts in it, kept apart for devotional purposes, or to propitiate the evil spirits—in short, according to the notions of the place, a church. This officer gave me a cow and some plantains, and I in return gave him a wire and some beads. Many mendicant women, called by some Wichwézi, by others Mabandwa, all wearing the most fantastic dresses of mbügü, covered with beads, shells, and sticks, danced before us, singing a comic song, the chorus of which was a long, shrill rolling Coo-roo-coo-roo, coo-roo-coo-roo, delivered as they came to a standstill. Their true functions were just as obscure as the religion of the negroes generally; some called them devil-drivers, others evil-eye averters; but, whatever it was for, they imposed a tax on the people, whose minds being governed by a necessity for making some self-sacrifice to propitiate something, they could not tell what, for their welfare in the world, they always gave them a trifle in the same way as the East Indians do their fakirs. . . .

“Maüla now came, after receiving repeated and angry messages, and I forced him to make a move. He led me straight up to his home, a very nice place, in which he gave me a very large, clean, and comfortable hut—had no end of plantains brought for me and my men—and said, ‘Now you have really entered the kingdom of Uganda, for the future you must buy no more food. At every place that you stop for the day, the officer in charge will bring you plantains, otherwise your men can help themselves in the gardens, for such are the laws of the land when a king’s guest travels in it. Any one found selling anything to either yourself or your men would be punished.’ Accordingly, I stopped the daily issue of beads; but no sooner had I done so, than all my men declared they could not eat plantains. It was all very well, they said, for the Waganda to do so, because they were used to it, but it did not satisfy their hunger.

“Maüla, all smirks and smiles, on seeing me order the things out for the march, begged I would have patience, and wait till the messenger returned from the king; it would not take more than ten days at the most.

Much annoyed at this nonsense, I ordered my tent to be pitched. I refused all Maūla's plantains, and gave my men beads to buy grain again with; and, finding it necessary to get up some indignation, said I would not stand being chained like a dog; if he would not go on ahead, I should go without him. Maūla then said he would go to a friend's and come back again. I said, if he did not, I should go off; and so the conversation ended.

"26th.—Drumming, singing, screaming, yelling, and dancing had been going on these last two days and two nights to drive the Phépo or devil out of a village. The whole of the ceremonies were most ludicrous. An old man and woman, smeared with white mud, and holding pots of pombé in their laps, sat in front of a hut, whilst other people kept constantly bringing them baskets full of plantain-squash and more pots of pombé. In the courtyard fronting them were hundreds of men and women dressed in smart mbūgūs—the males wearing for turbans strings of abrus-seeds wound round their heads, with polished boars' tusks stuck in in a jaunty manner. These were the people who, all drunk as fivers, were keeping up such a continual row to frighten the devil away."

If the fruitfulness of these districts, and their advance in a sort of civilization of their own, might somewhat surprise the travelers, they themselves created astonishment on grounds not quite dissimilar. For, if we have been under the impression that the inhabitants of Equatorial Africa are utterly steeped in barbarism, they have retaliated on us with a vengeance. Just look at the excuse solemnly offered by King Kamrasi of Unyoro for having dealt capriciously and inhospitably with two officers of her majesty's Indian army:—

"At the time the white men were living in Uganda, many of the people who had seen them there came and described them as such monsters, they ate up mountains and drank the N'yanza dry; and although they fed on both beef and mutton, they were not satisfied until they got a dish of the 'tender parts' of human beings three times a day. Now, I was extremely anxious to see men of such wonderful natures. I could have stood their mountain-eating and N'yanza-drinking capacities, but on no consideration would I submit to sacrifice my subjects to their appetites, and for this reason I first sent to turn them back; but afterwards, on hearing from Dr. K'yengo's men that, although the white men had travelled all through their country, and brought all the pretty and wonderful things

of the world there, they had never heard such monstrous imputations cast upon them, I sent a second time to call them on: these are the facts of the case."

Again:—

"We were anything but welcomed at Kiratesi, the people asking by what bad luck we had come there to eat up their crops; but in a little while they flocked to our doors and admired our traps, remarking that they believed each iron box contained a couple of white dwarfs, which we carry on our shoulders, sitting straddle-legs, back to back, and they fly off to eat people whenever they get the order."

The advance, indeed, of these nations in the merely material elements of civilization—in good living and mechanical skill—is a matter of extremely interesting study, although it is of a kind apt to confound broad principles in ethnological philosophy, and to humiliate their authors. The wisest of us are ever too apt to make our own form of civilization the measure of other people's absolute advance. Feudal traditions, and many other causes, have associated an advanced civilization with great houses of stone or brick, and taught us to despise the hovel of turf or mud thatched with grass as a type of primitive barbarism; but the genius of the Uganda people having run upon the structure of huts,—and possibly the climate and materials at hand exercising an influence in its favor,—they appear to have carried this style of architecture to a marvellous height of excellence. They are subtle workers in iron, both for useful and ornamental purposes; and the ivory-merchants, who carry seductive goods for the purchase of tusks, know that there is no use of trying to tempt these people with the common Sheffield ware that is omnipotent among really savage tribes—the Waganda can make better than the trader brings to them. They appear, too, to be highly accomplished in all peltry-work, or manufactures from furs and skins. Whoever is of opinion that the highest type of civilization is to be found in "a strong government," let him go to Uganda,—where, by the way, as one of its fruits, he will find sanitary rules and measures for the removal of impurities such as would make the heart of Mr. Chadwick rejoice within him, and such as he has in vain attempted to secure for the great cities of this empire.

The etiquette of courts and the habits of

the higher orders of society in Europe, though often ridiculed by satirists and condemned by cynics, have generally been counted among the fruits—not always the good fruits—of mature civilization. They are generally spoken of as of historical origin,—Roman or early feudal,—and are thus consecrated by grand associations, while modern polish has smoothed down their asperities, and carefully adapted the whole to the advanced civilization in which it is our privilege to live, without departing far from the long succession of precedents on which all is founded. This may be true of European courts and good society; yet whoever would see etiquettes at once the most complex and peculiar, as little like the etiquettes of Europe as it is possible to conceive, and at the same time protected by regulations as strict as the traditional usages of the most ancient European or Asiatic courts, let him go to Uganda, and be presented, if he have influence enough, at the court of the great King Mtésa. Here is an account of the discoverer's first reception, which may be useful for the stranger's guidance on the solemn occasion, and he will excuse the rather unpronounceable technicalities, used for once in a way on account of the precise definitions given of their grotesque import: it will be seen that at the time referred to there is a queen-dowager's court as well as a king's.

“To-day the king sent his pages to announce his intention of holding a levee in my honor. I prepared for my first presentation at court, attired in my best, though in it I cut a poor figure in comparison with the display of the dressy Waganda. They wore neat bark cloaks resembling the best yellow corduroy cloth, crimp and well set, as if stiffened with starch, and over that, as upper-cloaks, a patchwork of small antelope-skins which I observed were sewn together as well as any English gloves could have pierced them; whilst their headdresses, generally, were abrus turbans, set off with highly polished boar-tusks, stick-charms, seeds, beads, or shells; and on their necks, arms and ankles they wore other charms of wood, or small horns stuffed with magic powder, and fastened on by strings generally covered with snake-skin. N'yamgundú and Maüla demanded, as their official privilege, a first peep; and this being refused, they tried to persuade me that the articles comprising the present required to be covered with chintz, for it was considered indecorous to offer anything to his majesty in a naked state. This

little interruption over, the articles enumerated below were conveyed to the palace in solemn procession thus: With N'yamgundú, Maüla, the pages, and myself on the flanks, the Union-Jack carried by the kirangozi guide led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honor, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped, with fixed bayonets; whilst in their rear were the rest of my men, each carrying some article as a present. . . . The palace on entrance quite surprised me with its extraordinary dimensions, and the neatness with which it was kept. The whole brow and sides of the hill on which we stood were covered with gigantic grass huts, thatched as neatly as so many heads dressed by a London barber, and fenced all round with the tall yellow reeds of the common Uganda tiger-grass; whilst within the enclosure, the lines of huts were joined together, or partitioned off into courts, with walls of the same grass. It is here most of Mtésa's three or four hundred women are kept, the rest being quartered chiefly with his mother, known by the title of N'yamasoré, or queen-dowager. They stood in little groups at the doors, looking at us, and evidently passing their own remarks, and enjoying their own jokes, on the triumphal procession. At each gate as we passed, officers on duty opened and shut it for us, jingling the big bells which are hung upon them, as they sometimes are at shop-doors, to prevent silent, stealthy entrance.

“The first court passed, I was even more surprised to find the unusual ceremonies that awaited me. There courtiers of high dignity stepped forward to greet me, dressed in the most scrupulously neat fashions. Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats, were led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope-turbans, rushed about, conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin-cloak tightly round him lest his naked legs might be accident be shown.

“This, then, was the ante-reception court; and I might have taken possession of the hut, in which musicians were playing and singing on large nine-stringed harps, like the Nubian tambira, accompanied by harmonicians. By the chief officers in waiting, however, who thought fit to treat us like Arab merchants, I was requested to sit on the ground outside in the sun with my servants. Now, I had made up my mind never to sit upon the ground as the natives and Arabs are obliged to do, nor to make my obeisance in any other manner than is customary in England, though the Arabs had told me that from fear they had always complied with the manners of the

court. I felt that if I did not stand up for my social position at once, I should be treated with contempt during the remainder of my visit, and thus lose the vantage ground I had assumed of appearing rather as a prince than a trader, for the purpose of better gaining the confidence of the king. To avert over-hastiness, however,—for my servants began to be alarmed as I demurred against doing as I was bid,—I allowed five minutes to the court to give me a proper reception, saying, if it were not conceded I would then walk away."

Then follows a long, amusing description of the manner in which the English stranger took the established etiquettes by storm, and entered rather as a conqueror than according to the established form after the manner of a slave.

"The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced, hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in 'open ranks,' who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungū all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins: some few of whom had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella, a phenomenon which set them all awondering and laughing, ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new mbūgū. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stem like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of

plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of Wichwēzi, or lady-sorcerers, such as I have already described.

"I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard-skins were strewn upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eying the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

"Then, finding the day waning, he sent Maūla on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yes, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the enclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person."

For half a year Captain Speke had to hang on at this court, planning and struggling day by day to get permission and assistance to move onward to his destination. That they were weary, weary days, alternating in faint hopes and sickening disappointments, can easily be seen. But the adventurer, like a wise man, put his very annoyances and difficulties to use by noting everything that passed, and leaving the most extraordinary journal of court life ever penned. Reading it is like living in a country-house with the people who come across us in it. Color and

animation are given to it by two conflicting influences—the haughty rigidity of the court etiquette, and the impulsive African natures ever bounding against its restraints. Bana, or the great chief, as the author was called, must, for the dignity of Uganda, be subjected to as many of its servile etiquettes as he would endure. Yet no one—not even the king himself—could restrain his eagerness to behold the white man's accomplishments, and his rabid greed to possess the white man's effects. Hence came a game of most grotesque coquetting—insolent neglect or disdain when the stranger was courteous and genial—infinite finesses to draw him on if he were shy or indignant. The king's policy was to be ever sought, and ever to repel. There was consequently no meanness to which he would not submit to obtain proffers of attention and consideration from his great visitor, and no amount of insolence with which he would hesitate to repel them when they were secured. By degrees, however, the artificial gave way and the natural prevailed; and ere long Bana became an almost essential member of the Uganda court, and the familiar, and we may say private friend, both of the young king and his queenly mother. It is indeed quite clear to the reader, whether it was so to Bana himself or not, that they would never have let him away had they not firmly believed that the charming recollection of their social circle would be sure to attract him speedily back again. So now let us look in upon the queen-mother “at home :”—

“3d.—Our cross purposes seemed to increase; for, while I could not get a satisfactory interview, the king sent for N'yamgundū to ascertain why I never went to see him. I had given him good guns and many pretty things which he did not know the use of, and yet I would not visit him to explain their several uses. N'yamgundū told him I lived too far off and wanted a palace. After this I walked off to see N'yamsoré, taking my blankets, a pillow, and some cooking-pots to make a day of it, and try to win the affections of the queen with sixteen cubits bindé-ra, three pints péké, and three pints mtendé beads, which, as Waganda are all fond of figurative language, I called a trifle for her servants.

“I was shown in at once, and found her majesty sitting on an Indian carpet, dressed in a red linen wrapper with a gold border, and a box, in shape of a lady's work-box, prettily colored in divers patterns with mi-

nute beads, by her side. Her councillors were in attendance; and in the yard a band of music, with many minor Wakungū squatting in a semi-circle, completed her levee. Maūla on my behalf opened conversation, in allusion to her yesterday's question, by saying I had applied to Mtésa for a palace, that I might be near enough both their majesties to pay them constant visits. She replied, in a good, hearty manner, that indeed was a very proper request, which showed my good sense, and ought to have been complied with at once; but Mtésa was only a Kijana, or stripling, and as she influenced all the government of the country, she would have it carried into effect. Compliments were now passed, my presents given and approved of; and the queen, thinking I must be hungry,—for she wanted to eat herself,—requested me to refresh myself in another hut. I complied, spread my bedding, and ordered in my breakfast; but as the hut was full of men, I suspended a Scotch plaid, and quite eclipsed her mbugu curtain.

“Reports of this magnificence at once flew to the queen, who sent to know how many more blankets I had in my possession, and whether, if she asked for one, she would get it. She also desired to see my spoons, fork, and pipe—an English meerschaum, mounted with silver; so, after breakfast, I returned to see her, showed her the spoons and forks, and smoked my pipe, but told her I had no blankets left but what formed my bed. She appeared very happy and very well, did not say another word about the blankets, but ordered a pipe for herself, and sat chatting, laughing, and smoking in concert with me. . . .

“The queen and her ministers then plunged into pombé and became uproarious, laughing with all their might and main. Small bugu cups were not enough to keep up the excitement of the time, so a large wooden trough was placed before the queen and filled with liquor. If any was spilt, the Wakungū instantly fought over it, dabbing their noses on the ground, or grabbing it with their hands, that not one atom of the queen's favor might be lost; for everything must be adored that comes from royalty, whether by design or accident. The queen put her head to the trough, and drank like a pig from it, and was followed by her ministers. The band, by order, then struck up a tune called the Milélé, playing on a dozen reeds, ornamented with beads and cowpits, and five drums, of various tones and sizes, keeping time. The musicians, dancing with zest, were led by four band-masters, also dancing, but with their backs turned to the company to show off their long, shaggy, goat-skin jackets, sometimes upright, at other times bending

and on their heels, like the hornpipe dancers of the Western countries.

"It was a merry scene, but soon became tiresome; when Bombay, by way of flattery, and wishing to see what the queen's wardrobe embraced, told her any woman, however ugly, would assume a goodly appearance if prettily dressed; upon which her gracious majesty immediately rose, retired to her toilet-hut, and soon returned attired in a common check cloth, an abrus tiara, a head necklace, and with a folding looking-glass, when she sat as before, and was handed a blown-glass cup of pombé, with a cork floating on the liquor, and a napkin mbügü covering the top, by a naked virgin. For her kind condescension in assuming plain raiment, everybody, of course, n'yanzigged. Next she ordered her slave-girls to bring a large number of sambo (anklets), and begged me to select the best, for she liked me much. In vain I tried to refuse them: she had given more than enough for a keepsake before, and I was not hungry for property; still I had to choose some, or I would give offence. She then gave me a basket of tobacco, and a nest of hen eggs for her 'son's' breakfast. When this was over, the Mukondéri, another dancing-tune, with instruments something like clarionets, was ordered; but it had scarcely been struck up, before a drenching rain, with strong wind, set in and spoiled the music, though not the playing—for none dared stop without an order; and the queen, instead of taking pity, laughed most boisterously over the exercise of her savage power as the unfortunate musicians were nearly beaten down by the violence of the weather.

"When the rain ceased, her majesty retired a second time to her toilet-hut, and changed her dress for a puce-colored wrapper, when I, ashamed of having robbed her of so many sambo, asked her if she would allow me to present her with a little English 'wool' to hang up instead of her mbügü curtain on cold days like this. Of course she could not decline, and a large double scarlet blanket was placed before her. 'Oh, wonder of wonders!' exclaimed all the spectators, holding their mouths in both hands at a time—such a 'pattern' had never been seen here before. It stretched across the hut, was higher than the men could reach—indeed, it was a perfect marvel; and the man must be a good one who brought such a treasure as this to Uddü.

... The queen began to sing, and the councillors to join in chorus; then all sang and all drank, and drank and sang, till, in their heated excitement, they turned the palace into a pandemonium; still there was not noise enough, so the band and drums were called again, and tomfool—for Uganda, like the old European monarchies, always keeps a

jester—was made to sing in the gruff, hoarse, unnatural voice which he ever affects to maintain his character, and furnished with pombé when his throat was dry.

"Now all of a sudden, as if a devil had taken possession of the company, the prime minister with all the courtiers jumped upon their legs, seized their sticks,—for nobody can carry a spear when visiting,—swore the queen had lost her heart to me, and, running into the yard, returned, charging and jabbering at the queen; retreated and returned again, as if they were going to put an end to her for the guilt of loving me, but really to show their devotion and true love to her. The queen professed to take this ceremony with calm indifference, but her face showed that she enjoyed it. I was now getting very tired of sitting on my low stool, and begged for leave to depart, but N'yamasoré would not hear of it; she loved me a great deal too much to let me go away at this time of day, and forthwith ordered in more pombé. The same roystering scene was repeated; cups were too small, so the trough was employed; and the queen graced it by drinking, pig-fashion, first, and then handing it round to the company."

Let us now join the king in a couple of days' shooting, a pursuit in which he formed a wholesome acquaintance with the formidable weapons at the command of his white visitors:—

"Immediately after breakfast the king sent his pages in a great hurry to say he was waiting on the hill for me, and begged I would bring all my guns immediately. I prepared, thinking, naturally enough, that some buffaloes had been marked down; for the boys, as usual, were perfectly ignorant of his designs. To my surprise, however, when I mounted the hill half-way to the palace, I found the king standing, dressed in a rich filigreed waistcoat, trimmed with gold embroidery, tweedling the loading-rod in his finger, and an alfa cap on his head, whilst his pages held his chair and guns, and a number of officers, with dogs and goats for offerings, squatting before him.

"When I arrived, hat in hand, he smiled, examined my fire-arms, and proceeded for sport, leading the way to a high tree, on which some adjutant birds were nesting, and numerous vultures resting. This was the sport; Bana must shoot a nundo (adjutant) for the king's gratification. I begged him to take a shot himself, as I really could not demean myself by firing at birds sitting on a tree; but it was all of no use—no one could shoot as I could, and they must be shot. I proposed frightening them out with stones,

but no stone could reach so high; so, to cut the matter short, I killed an adjutant on the nest, and, as the vultures flew away, brought one down on the wing, which fell in a garden enclosure.

"The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment, when the king jumped frantically in the air, clapping his hands above his head, and singing out, 'Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! Oh, Bana, Bana! what miracles he performs!' and all the Wakungü followed in chorus. 'Now load, Bana—load, and let us see you do it!' cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded, he said, 'Come along, come along, and let us see the bird.' Then directing the officers which way to go—for, by the etiquette of the court of Uganda, every one must precede the king—he sent them through a court where his women, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly made fences; but the king roared to the officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. 'Woh, woh, woh!' cried the king again; 'there he is, sure enough; come here, women—come and look what wonders!' And all the women, in the highest excitement, 'woh-wohed' as loud as any of the men. But that was not enough. 'Come along, Bana,' said the king, 'we must have some more sport;' and, saying this, he directed the way towards the queen's palace, the attendants leading, followed by the pages, then the king, next myself—for I never would walk before him—and finally the women, some forty or fifty who constantly attended him.

"To make the most of the king's good-humor, while I wanted to screen myself from the blazing sun, I asked him if he would like to enjoy the pleasures of an umbrella; and before he had time to answer, held mine over him as we walked side by side. The Wakungu were astonished, and the women prattled in great delight; whilst the king, hardly able to control himself, sidled and spoke to his flatterers as if he were doubly created monarch of all he surveyed. He then, growing more familiar, said, 'Now, Bana, do tell me—did you not shoot that bird with something more than common ammunition? I am sure you did, now; there was magic in it.' And all I said to the contrary would not convince him. 'But we will see again.' 'At buffaloes?' I said. 'No, the buffaloes

are too far off now; we will wait to go after them until I have given you a hut close by.' Presently, as some herons were flying overhead, he said, 'Now, shoot, shoot!' and I brought a couple down right and left. He stared, and everybody stared, believing me to be a magician, when the king said he would like to have pictures of the birds drawn and hung up in the palace; 'but let us go and shoot some more, for it is truly wonderful.' Similar results followed, for the herons were continually whirling round, as they had their nests upon a neighboring tree; and then the king ordered his pages to carry all the birds, save the vulture—which, for some reason, they did not touch—and show them to the queen.

"He then gave the order to move on, and we all repaired to the palace. Arrived at the usual throne-room, he took his seat, dismissed the party of wives who had been following him, as well as the Wakungü, received pombé from his female evil-eye averters, and ordered me, with my men, to sit in the sun facing him, till I complained of the heat, and was allowed to sit by his side. Kites, crows, and sparrows were flying about in all directions, and as they came within shot, nothing would satisfy the excited boy-king but I must shoot them, and his pages take them to the queen, till my ammunition was totally expended. He then wanted me to send for more shot; and as I told him he must wait for more until my brother came, he contented himself with taking two or three sample grains and ordering his iron-smiths to make some like them.

"Cows were now driven in for me to kill two with one bullet; but as the off one jumped away when the gun fired, the bullet passed through the near one, then through all the courts and fences, and away no one knew where. The king was delighted, and said he must keep the rifle to look at for the night.

"I had scarcely swallowed my breakfast before I received a summons from the king to meet him out shooting, with all the Wangü-ana armed, and my guns; and going towards the palace, found him with a large staff, pages and officers as well as women, in a plantain-garden, looking eagerly out for birds, whilst his band was playing. In addition to his English dress, he wore a turban, and pretended that the glare of the sun was distressing his eyes,—for, in fact, he wanted me to give him a wide-awake like my own. Then, as if a sudden freak had seized him, though I knew it was on account of Maüla's having excited his curiosity, he said, 'Where does Bana live? lead away.' Bounding and scrambling the Wakungü, the women and all, went pell-mell through everything towards my hut. If the Kamraviona or any of the boys could

not move fast enough, on account of the crops on the fields, they were piked in the back till half knocked over; but, instead of minding, they trotted on, n'yanzigging as if honored by a kindly poke, though treated like so many dogs.

"Arrived at the hut, the king took off his turban as I took off my hat, and seated himself on my stool; whilst the Kamraviona, with much difficulty, was induced to sit upon a cow-skin, and the women at first were ordered to squat outside. Everything that struck the eye was much admired and begged for, though nothing so much as my wide-awake and mosquito-curtains; then, as the women were allowed to have a peep in and see Bana in his den, I gave them two sacks of beads, to make the visit profitable, the only alternative left me from being forced into inhospitality, for no one would drink from my cup. Moreover, a present was demanded by the laws of the country.

"The king, excitedly impatient, now led the way again, shooting hurry-scurry through my men's lines, which were much commented on as being different from Waganda hutting, on to the tall tree with the adjutant's nest. One young bird was still living in it. There was no shot, so bullets must be fired; and the cunning king, wishing to show off, desired me to fire simultaneously with himself. We fired, but my bullet struck the bough the nest was resting on; we fired again, and the bullet passed through the nest without touching the bird. I then asked the king to allow me to try his Whitworth, to which a little bit of stick, as a charm to secure a correct aim, had been tied below the trigger-guard. This time I broke the bird's leg, and knocked him half out of the nest; so, running up to the king, I pointed to the charm, saying, 'That has done it'—hoping to laugh him out of the folly; but he took my joke in earnest, and turned to his men, commenting on the potency of the charm. Whilst thus engaged, I took another rifle and brought the bird down altogether. 'Woh, woh, woh!' shouted the king; 'Bana, Mzungü, Mzungü!' he repeated, leaping and clapping his hands, as he ran full speed to the prostrate bird, whilst the drums beat, and the Wakungü followed him: 'Now is not this a wonder? but we must go and shoot another.' 'Where?' I said; 'we may walk a long way without finding, if we have nothing but our eyes to see with. Just send for your telescope, and then I will show you how to look for birds.' Surprised at this announcement, the king sent his pages flying for the instrument, and when it came I instructed him how to use it; when he could see with it, and understand its powers, his astonishment knew no bounds; and, turning to his Wakungü, he said, laughing,

'Now, I do see the use of this thing I have been shutting up in the palace. On that distant tree I can see three vultures. To its right there is a hut, with a woman sitting inside the portal, and many goats are feeding all about the palace, just as large and distinct as if I was close by them.'

Now for a water-party or regatta on the famous lake, Victoria N'yanza, destined, without doubt, ere long to exercise on its bosom a different sort of craft from the little fleet of the King of Uganda. It was on this occasion that our explorer met the high-priest of the Nile already mentioned:—

"To-day occurred a brilliant instance of the capricious restlessness and self-willedness of this despotic king. At noon, pages hurried in to say that he had started for the N'yanza, and wished me to follow him without delay. N'yanza, as I have mentioned, merely means a piece of water, whether a pond, river, or lake; and as no one knew which N'yanza he meant, or what project was on foot, I started off in a hurry, leaving everything behind, and walked rapidly through gardens, over hills, and across rushy swamps, down the west flank of the Murchison Creek, till 3 p.m., when I found the king dressed in red, with his Wakungü in front and women behind, travelling along in the confused manner of a pack of hounds, occasionally firing his rifle that I might know his whereabouts. He had just, it seems, mingled a little business with pleasure; for noticing, as he passed, a woman tied by the hands to be punished for some offence, the nature of which I did not learn, he took the executioner's duty on himself, fired at her, and killed her outright.

"On this occasion, to test all his followers, and prove their readiness to serve him, he had started on a sudden freak for the three days' excursion on the lake one day before the appointed time, expecting everybody to fall into place by magic, without the smallest regard to each one's property, feelings, or comfort. The home must be forsaken without a last adieu, the dinner untasted, and no provision made for the coming night, in order that his impetuous majesty should not suffer one moment's disappointment. The result was natural: many who would have come were nowhere to be found; my guns, bed, bedding, and note-books, as well as cooking utensils, were all left behind, and, though sent for, did not arrive till the following day.

"On arrival at the morning station, not one boat was to be found, nor did any arrive until after dark, when, on the beating of drums and firing of guns, some fifty large ones appeared. They were all painted with red clay, and averaged from ten to thirty

paddles, with long prows standing out like the neck of a syphon or swan, decorated on the head with the horns of the Naunnū (lencotis) antelope, between which was stuck upright a tuft of feathers exactly like a grenadier's plume. These arrived to convey us across the mouth of a deep, rushy swamp to the royal yachting establishment, the Cowes of Uganda, distant five hours' travelling from the palace. We reached the Cowes by torchlight at 9 P.M., when the king had a picnic dinner with me, turned in with his women in great comfort, and sent me off to a dreary hut, where I had to sleep upon a grass-strewn floor. I was surprised we had to walk so far, when, by appearance, we might have boated it from the head of the creek all the way down; but, on inquiry, was informed the swampy nature of the ground at the head of the creek precluded any approach to the clear water there, and hence the long overland journey, which, though fatiguing to the unfortunate women, who had to trot the whole way behind, Mtēsa's four-mile-an-hour strides, was very amusing. The whole of the scenery—hill, dale, and lake—was extremely beautiful. The Wangūana in my escort compared the view to their own beautiful Poani (coast); but in my opinion it far surpassed anything I ever saw, either from the sea or upon the coast of Zanzibar.

"The king rose betimes in the morning and called me, unwashed and very uncomfortable, to picnic with him during the collection of the boats. The breakfast, eaten in the open court, consisted of sundry baskets of roast-beef and plantain-squash, folded in plantain-leaves. He sometimes ate with a copper knife and picker, not forked—but more usually like a dog, with both hands. The bits too tough for his mastication he would take from his mouth and give as a treat to the pages, who n'yanzigged, and swallowed them with much seeming relish. Whatever remained over was then divided by the boys, and the baskets taken to the cooks. Pombé served as tea, coffee, and beer for the king; but his guests might think themselves very lucky if they ever got a drop of it.

"Now for the lake. Everybody in a hurry falls into his place the best way he can—Wakungū leading, and women behind. They rattle along, through plantains and shrubs, under large trees, seven, eight, and nine feet in diameter, till the beautiful waters are reached—a picture of the Rio scenery, barring that of the higher mountains in the background of that lovely place, which are here represented by the most beautiful little hills. A band of fifteen drums of all sizes, called the Mazagūzo, playing with the regularity of a lot of factory engines at work, announced the

king's arrival, and brought all the boats to the shore—but not as in England, where Jack, with all the consequence of a lord at home, invites the ladies to be seated, and enjoys the sight of so many pretty faces. Here every poor fellow, with his apprehensions written in his face, leaps over the gunwale into the water—ducking his head from fear of being accused of gazing on the fair sex—which is death—and bides patiently his time. They were dressed in plantain-leaves, looking like grotesque Neptunes. The king, in his red coat and wide-awake, conducted the arrangements, ordering all to their proper places—the women in certain boats, the Wakungū and Wangūana in others, whilst I sat in the same boat with him at his feet, three women holding būgūs of pombé behind.

"The king's Kisūahili now came into play, and he was prompt in carrying out the directions he got from myself to approach the hippopotami. But the waters were too large and the animals too shy, so we toiled all the day without any effect, going only once ashore to picnic; not for the women to eat,—for they, poor things, got nothing,—but the king, myself, the pages, and the principal Wakungū. As a wind-up to the day's amusement, the king led the band of drums, changed the men according to their powers, put them into concert pitch, and readily detected every slight irregularity, showing himself a thorough musician.

"This day requires no remark; everything done being the counterpart of yesterday, excepting that the king, growing bolder with me in consequence of our talking together, became more playful and familiar—amusing himself, for instance, sometimes by catching hold of my beard, as the rolling of the boat unsteadied him.

"We started early in the usual manner; but after working up and down the creek, inspecting the inlets for hippopotami, and tiring from want of sport, the king changed his tactics, and paddling and steering himself with a pair of new white paddles, finally directed the boats to an island occupied by the Mgussa, or Neptune of the N'yanza, not in person—for Mgussa is a spirit—but by his familiar or deputy. . . . The first operation on shore was picnicking, when many large mbūgūs of pombé were brought for the king; next, the whole party took a walk, winding through the trees and picking fruit, enjoying themselves amazingly, till, by some unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and truly one of the best of the lot, plucked a fruit and offered it to the king, thinking, doubtless, to please him greatly; but he, like a madman, flew into a towering passion, said it was the first

time a woman ever had the impudence to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution.

"These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying, in the names of the Kamraviona and Mzungu (myself), for help and protection; whilst Lübuga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, Mzungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

In this last extract come forth some portions of the dark side of Central African life. We are, indeed, afforded many opportunities of seeing the blackness of the blots that may pollute a civilization where there is no Christianity. This jolly, thoughtless people seem to have among them an abundant supply of all the vices prevalent in Europe—with a good many more. Among those which involve the infliction of injury to our neighbor, recklessness of life and cruelty rise conspicuous. The palaces are sickening shambles, where blood seems ever on the flow. The young king, Mtésa, seems not to have been in other respects a bad fellow; but he was forever killing. If there be any soundness in the theory that the slaughters in Dahomey are in some measure the accomplishment of religious promptings, and that a king who exceeds his predecessors in killing only thus shows himself to be a man of very serious impressions, which he exhibits in active piety,—no such vindication can be pleaded for the King of Uganda. Nor does his appear to be

the nature that would come out in bloody ruffianism or vindictive malignity among ourselves. The spirit of the sportsman seems to have had more to do with his slaughters—they appear to have been good fun to him, like the feat of the pirate who, in sheer exhilaration of animal spirits over the after-dinner grog, fired his pistols under the table among the legs of his fellow-roysterers—an incident deemed so comical by a companion who was not among the sufferers, that he could never allude to it without tears of laughter. Take the following passages, in which it seems impossible, from the simple clearness of their statements, that there is any exaggeration. One day at court is thus commemorated:—

"I was called in, and found the court sitting much as it was on the first day's interview, only that the number of squatting Wakungu was much diminished; and the king, instead of wearing his ten brass and copper rings, had my gold one on his third finger. This day, however, was cut out for business, as, in addition to the assemblage of officers, there were women, cows, goats, fowls, confiscations, baskets of fish, baskets of small antelopes, porcupines, and curious rats caught by his game-keepers, bundles of mbügu, etc., etc., made by his linendrapers, colored earthen and sticks by his magician, all ready for presentation; but, as rain fell, the court broke up, and I had nothing for it but to walk about under my umbrella, indulging in angry reflections against the haughty king for not inviting me into his hut.

"When the rain had ceased, and we were again called in, he was found sitting in state as before, but this time with the head of a black bull placed before him, one horn of which, knocked off, was placed alongside, whilst four living cows walked about the court.

"I was now requested to shoot the four cows as quickly as possible; but having no bullets for my gun, I borrowed the revolving pistol I had given him, and shot all four in a second of time; but as the last one, only wounded, turned sharply upon me, I gave him the fifth and settled him. Great applause followed this wonderful feat, and the cows were given to my men. The king now loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court, which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's nest, caught a trout,

or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, 'And did you do it well?' 'Oh, yes, capitally.' He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life."

And here is another incident totally different in its details, yet presenting the same utter absence of thoughtfulness about life and death, and the same motley mixture of savage cruelty with careless glee:—

"Goats and other peace-offerings were presented; and, finally, a large body of officers came in with an old man, with his two ears shorn off for having been too handsome in his youth, and a young woman who, after four days' search, had been discovered in his house. They were brought for judgment before the king.

"Nothing was listened to but the plaintiff's statement, who said he had lost the woman four days, and, after considerable search, had found her concealed by the old man, who was indeed old enough to be her grandfather. From all appearances one would have said the wretched girl had run away from the plaintiff's house in consequence of ill treatment, and had harbored herself on this decrepit old man without asking his leave; but their voices in defence were never heard, for the king instantly sentenced both to death, to prevent the occurrence of such impropriety again; and to make the example more severe, decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but, being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day, until life was extinct. The dismayed criminals, struggling to be heard, in utter despair, were dragged away boisterously in the most barbarous manner, to the drowning music of the *milélé* and drums.

"The king in total unconcern about the tragedy he had thus enacted, immediately on their departure said, 'Now, then, for shooting, Bana; let us look at your gun.' It happened to be loaded, but fortunately only with powder, to fire my announcement at the palace; for he instantly placed caps on the nipples, and let off one barrel by accident, the contents of which stuck in the thatch. This created a momentary alarm, for it was supposed the thatch had taken fire; but it was no sooner suppressed than the childish king, still sitting on his throne, to astonish his officers still more, levelled the gun from his shoulder, fired the contents of the second barrel into the faces of his squatting Wakungū,

and then laughed at his own trick. In the mean while cows were driven in, which the king ordered his Wakungū to shoot with carbines; and as they missed them, he showed them the way to shoot with the Whitworth, never missing."

The blood-letting of his subjects seems to have been a resource of this king whenever anything excited his own royal nerves, whether joyfully or sorrowfully. Captain Speke was told that on receiving the ravishing intelligence of the approach of the white men, he immediately gave outlet to his excitement by putting to death "fifty big men and four hundred small ones." He was generous in his way, and liked those who could enjoy it to participate with him in this sort of sport. Though Captain Speke had a disagreeable suspicion that the cruelties of the palace were a little enhanced to impress him with the king's power, yet Mtésa had the sense not to bring his bloody fun too offensively under the eyes of his guest. On Bana's dusky lieutenant, Bombay, however, having been sent on a message to the court, he reported thus:—

"Just as at the last interview, the king had four women, lately seized and condemned to execution, squatting in his court. He wished to send them to Bana, and when Bombay demurred, saying he had no authority to take women in that way, the king gave him one, and asked him if he would like to see some sport, as he would have the remaining women cut to pieces before him. Bombay, by his own account, behaved with great propriety, saying Bana never wished to see sport of that cruel kind, and it would ill become him to see sights which his master had not."

In another incident reported to but not seen by the author, the combination of effeminate etiquette with cruelty makes the blood creep. No knife, sword, or other sharp-edged or pointed piece of metal can be brought within the precincts of the court—a wise precaution probably. When the king, therefore, desired to see one of his victims cut to pieces without being at the trouble of going to the proper shambles, an ingenious operator managed to do it with blades of sharp-edged papyrus grass.

By no means the least impressive feature in this volume is the author himself, who without a particle of egotism, comes before us with wonderful clearness. He does so,

because, not thinking of himself, he is entirely absorbed in his great project. He thus furnished an addition to the known instances of men, who, in the single-hearted devotion to their special objects, let us into their personality with a clearness which the egotist, ever thinking of himself and the effect he is producing, totally misses. The entire, absorbing devotion to the one object was, as often happens, the potential cause of its accomplishment. A man resolving merely to do something great and make himself famous, would have got, by playing a deep and complicated game, into infinite meshes of difficulty and danger, which the single-hearted explorer avoided. This thorough unconsciousness of all dangers or hardships, except as impediments to his progress to the great fountain-head, seems to have been his real protection through the hundreds of days, on every one of which no respectable insurance office would have taken his life at any reasonable premium. As the fiercest wild beasts are said to be appalled by the eye that shows no impression either of risk or wrath, so the sanguinary potentates among whom our explorer went, demanding nothing but a clear path to the head of the Nile, but determined to get that, seem to have restrained in their amazement the natural impulses of their ferocity.

The inner impulse which bore him on to the one great object had excellent auxiliaries, too, in many constitutional specialties,—among which were, a continued fund of good spirits and cheerfulness under conditions which would have sent despair to the hearts of other men; habits of punctual activity, which secured prompt attention to all the daily harassing details of the expedition; and a constitution not only strong, but peculiarly adapted to circumstances in which other strong constitutions broke down.

Of the same singleness of purpose and unconsciousness of all things not connected with the great object, there are other less momentous symptoms. While in everything bearing on the mere accomplishment of his journey to the point selected one sees the instinctive genius of the discoverer, there is in minor adjuncts a deal of simplicity. It is clear that, in all his transactions of a business character, he was cheated enormously at all hands. He was without the instinct of the wholesale merchant to take with him the best

commodities to serve as money in the districts he was to pass through—he was without the instincts of the retail dealer, or the employer of labor, to get proper value for the goods he had with him. But the elements which this unworldly man adds to his other and more important difficulties only make one love him the more for the patient serenity and courage with which he endures all things, from the risk of violent death or the absolute depression of heavy sickness, down to provoking detentions and paltry pillagings.

That instead of making up a book after fully digesting his experiences he has given us his daily journal, is a great gain to the world. We have here everything significant or important that was seen by him, or that happened to him, set down with a contemporary precision more like Boswell's Johnson than the manner of any other book we can recall—though the matters dealt with by two are so different that one does feel something ludicrous in the comparison. And as for the days when there were no events—the many, many days of uniform weariness—we are told that they passed, and are not made partakers in their dreary monotony, for the tired traveller bears his burden alone. At one juncture, indeed, the expedition was seriously imperilled. The caravan had, indeed, to turn back and be re-organized. Of the sea of troubles in which he was then struggling the explorer affords us the following Robinson Crusoe-like picture:—

"On arrival at Mihambo next day, all the porters brought their pay to me, and said they would not go, for nothing would induce them to advance a step farther. I said nothing; but, with 'my heart in my shoes,' I gave what I thought their due for coming so far, and motioned them to be off; then calling on the Pig for his decision, I tried to argue again, though I saw it was no use, for there was not one of my own men who wished to go on. They were unanimous in saying Usui was a 'fire,' and I had no right to sacrifice them. The Pig then finally refused, saying three loads even would not tempt him, for all were opposed to it. Of what value, he observed, would the beads be to him if his life was lost? This was crushing; the whole camp was unanimous in opposing me. I then made Baraka place all my kit in the middle of the boma, which was a very strong one, keeping out only such beads as I wished him to use for the men's rations daily, and ordered him to select a few men who would return

with me to Kazé; when I said, if I could not get all the men I wanted, I would try and induce some one, who would not fear, to go on to Usüi; failing which, I would even walk back to Zanzibar for men, as nothing in the world would ever induce me to give up the journey.

"This appeal did not move him; but, without a reply, he sullenly commenced collecting some men to accompany me back to Kazé. At first no one would go; they then mutinied for more beads, announcing all sorts of grievances, which they said they were always talking over to themselves, though I did not hear them. The greatest, however, that they could get up was, that I always paid the Wanyamüezi 'temporaries' more than they got, though 'permanents.' 'They were the flesh, and I was the knife;' I cut and did with them just as I liked, and they could not stand it any longer. However, they had to stand it; and next day, when I had brought them to reason, I gave over the charge of my tent and property to Baraka, and commenced the return with a bad hitching cough, caused by those cold easterly winds that blow over the plateau during the six dry months of the year, and which are, I suppose, the Harmattan peculiar to Africa.

"Next day I joined Grant once more, and found he had collected a few Sorombo men, hoping to follow after me. I then told him all my mishaps in Sorombo, as well as of the 'blue-devil' frights that had seized all my men. I felt greatly alarmed about the prospects of the expedition, scarcely knowing what I should do. I resolved at last, if everything else failed, to make up a raft at the southern end of the N'yanza, and try to go up to the Nile in that way. My cough daily grew worse. I could not lie or sleep on either side. Still my mind was so excited and anxious that, after remaining one day here to enjoy Grant's society, I pushed ahead again, taking Bombay with me, and had breakfast at Mchimeka's. . . . Baraka told me his heart shrank to the dimensions of a very small berry when he saw whom I had brought with me yesterday—meaning Bombay, and the same porters whom he had prevented going on with me before. I said, 'Pooh, nonsense; have done with such excuses, and let us get away out of this as fast as we can. Now, like a good man, just use your influence with the chief of the village, and try and get from him five or six men to complete the number we want, and then we will work round the east of Sorombo up to Usüi, for Sūwarora has invited us to him.' This, however, was not so easy; for Lümerési, having heard of my arrival, sent his Wanyapara, or grey-beards, to beg I would visit him. He had never seen a white man in all

his life, neither had his father, nor any of his forefathers, although he had often been down to the coast; I must come and see him, as I had seen his mtoto Rūhé. He did not want property; it was only the pleasure of my company that he wanted, to enable him to tell all his friends what a great man had lived in his house.

"This was terrible: I saw at once that all my difficulties in Sorombo would have to be gone through again if I went there, and groaned when I thought what a trick the Pig had played me when I first of all came to this place; for if I had gone on then, as I wished, I should have slipped past Lümerési without his knowing it.

"I had to get up a storm at the grey-beards, and said I could not stand going out of my road to see any one now, for I had already lost so much time by Makaka's trickery in Sorombo. Būi then, quaking with fright at my obstinacy, said, 'You must—indeed you must—give in, and do with these savage chiefs as the Arabs when they travel, for I will not be a party to riding rough-shod over them.' Still I stuck out, and the grey-beards departed to tell their chief of it. Next morning he sent them back again to say he would not be cheated out of his rights as the chief of the district. Still I would not give in, and the whole day kept 'jawing' without effect, for I could get no man to go with me until the chief gave his sanction. I then tried to send Bombay off with Būi, Nasib, and their guide, by night; but, though Bombay was willing, the other two hung back on the old plea. In this state of perplexity, Būi begged I would allow him to go over to Lümerési and see what he could do with a present. Būi really now was my only stand-by, so I sent him off, and next had the mortification to find that he had been humbugged by honeyed words, as Baraka had been with Makaka, into believing that Lümerési was a good man, who really had no other desire at heart than the love of seeing me. His boma, he said, did not lie much out of my line, and he did not wish a stitch of my cloth. So far from detaining me, he would give me as many men as I wanted; and, as an earnest of his good intentions, he sent his copper hatchet, the badge of office as chief of the district, as a guarantee for me.

"To wait here any longer after this, I knew, would be a mere waste of time, so I ordered my men to pack up that moment, and we all marched over at once to Lümerési's, when we put up in his boma. Lümerési was not in then, but, on his arrival at night, he beat all his drums to celebrate the event, and fired a musket, in reply to which I fired three shots."

He was then assailed by a very critical illness, the torments of which were thus diversified by Lüméresi:—

"He, with the most benign countenance, came in to see me, the very first thing in the morning, as he said, to inquire after my health: when, to please him as much as I could, I had a guard of honor drawn up at the tent door to fire a salute as he entered; then giving him my iron camp-chair to sit upon, which tickled him much,—for he was very corpulent, and he thought its legs would break down with his weight,—we had a long talk, though it was as much as I could do to remember anything, my brain was so excited and weak. Kind as he looked and spoke, he forgot all his promises about coveting my property, and scarcely got over the first salutation before he began begging for many things that he saw, and more especially for a déolé, in order that he might wear it on all great occasions, to show his contemporaries what a magnanimous man his white visitor was. I soon lost my temper whilst striving to settle the hongo. Lüméresi would have a déolé, and I would not admit that I had one.

"23d to 31st.—Next morning I was too weak to speak moderately, and roared more like a madman than a rational being, as, breaking his faith, he persisted in bullying me. The day after, I took pills and blistered my chest all over; still Lüméresi would not let me alone, nor come to any kind of terms until the 25th, when he said he would take a certain number of pretty common cloths for his children if I would throw in a red blanket for himself. I jumped at this concession with the greatest eagerness, paid down my cloths on the spot; and, thinking I was free at last, ordered a hammock to be slung on a pole, that I might leave the next day. Next morning, however, on seeing me actually preparing to start, Lüméresi found he could not let me go until I increased the tax by three more cloths, as some of his family complained that they had got nothing. After some badgering, I paid what he asked for, and ordered the men to carry me out of the palace before anything else was done, for I would not sleep another night where I was. Lüméresi then stood in my way, and said he would never allow a man of his country to give me any assistance until I was well, for he could not bear the idea of hearing it said that, after taking so many cloths from me, he had allowed me to die in the jungles—and dissuaded my men from obeying my orders.

"In vain I appealed to his mercy, declaring that the only chance left me of saving my life would be from the change of air in the hammock as I marched along. He would not listen, professing humanity, whilst he meant

plunder; and I now found he was determined not to beat the drum until I had paid him some more, which he was to think over and settle next day. When the next day came, he would not come near me, as he said I must possess a déolé, otherwise I would not venture on to Karagûé: for nobody ever yet 'saw' Rûmanika without one. This suspension of business was worse than the rows; I felt very miserable, and became worse. At last, on my offering him anything that he might consider an equivalent for the déolé if he would beat the drums of satisfaction, he said I might consider myself his prisoner instead of his guest if I persisted in my obstinacy in not giving him Rûmanika's déolé; and then again peremptorily ordered all of his subjects not to assist me in moving a load. After this, veering round for a moment on the generous tack, he offered me a cow, which I declined.

"1st to 4th.—Still I rejected the offered cow, until the 2d, when finding him as dogged as ever, at the advice of my men I accepted it, hoping thus to please him; but it was no use, for he now said he must have two déolés, or he would never allow me to leave his palace. Every day matters got worse and worse. Mfûmbi, the small chief of Sorombo, came over, in an Oily-Gammon kind of manner to say Makaka had sent him over to present his compliments to me, and express his sorrow on hearing that I had fallen sick here. He further informed me that the road was closed between this and Usûi, for he had just been fighting there, and had killed the chief Gomba, burned down all his villages, and dispersed all the men in the jungle, where they now resided, plundering every man who passed that way. This gratuitous, wicked, humbugging terrifier helped to cause another defeat. It was all nonsense, I knew, but both Bui and Nasib, taking fright, begged for their discharges. In fearful alarm and anxiety, I then begged them to have patience and see the hongo settled first, for there was no necessity, at any rate, for immediate hurry; I wished them to go on ahead with Bombay, as in four days they could reach Sûwarora's. But they said they could not hear of it—they would not go a step beyond this. All the chiefs on ahead would do the same as Lüméresi; the whole country was roused. I had not even half enough cloths to satisfy the Wasûi; and my faithful followers would never consent to be witness to my being 'torn to pieces.'

"5th and 6th.—The whole day and half of the next went in discussions. At last, able for the first time to sit up a little, I succeeded in prevailing on Bui to promise he would go to Usûi as soon as the hongo was settled, provided, as he said, I took on my-

self all responsibilities of the result. This cheered me so greatly, I had my chair placed under a tree and smoked my first pipe. On seeing this, all my men struck up a dance, to the sound of the drums, which they carried on throughout the whole night, never ceasing until the evening of the next day. These protracted caperings were to be considered as their congratulation for my improvement in health; for, until I got into my chair, they always thought I was going to die. They then told me, with great mirth and good mimicry, of many absurd scenes which, owing to the inflamed state of my brain, had taken place during my interviews with Lūmérésí. Bombay at this time very foolishly told Lūmérésí, if he 'really wanted a déolé,' he must send to Grant for one. This set the chief raving. He knew there was one in my box, he said, and unless I gave it, the one with Grant must be brought; for under no circumstances would he allow of my proceeding northwards until that was given him. Bui and Nasib then gave me the slip, and slept that night in a neighboring boma without my knowledge.

7th to 9th.—As things had now gone so far, I gave Lūmérésí the déolé I had stored away for Rūmanika, telling him, at the same time as he took it, that he was robbing Rūmanika, and not myself; but I hoped, now I had given it, he would beat the drums. The scoundrel only laughed as he wrapped my beautiful silk over his great broad shoulders, and said, 'Yes, this will complete our present of friendship; now then for the hongo—I must have exactly double of all you have given.' This Sorombo trick I attributed to the instigation of Makaka, for these savages never fail to take their revenge when they can. I had doubled back from his country, and now he was cutting me off in front. I expected as much when the oily blackguard Mfūmbi came over from his chief to ask after my health; so, judging from my experience with Makaka, I told Lūmérésí at once to tell me what he considered his due, for this fearful haggling was killing me by inches. I had no more déolés, but would make that up in brass wire. He then fixed the hongo at fifteen masango, or brass-wire bracelets, sixteen cloths of sorts, and a hundred necklaces of sami-sami or red coral beads, which was to pay for Grant as well as myself. I paid it down on the spot; the drums beat the 'satisfaction,' and I ordered the march with the greatest relief of mind possible.

"But Bui and Nasib were not to be found; they had bolted. The shock nearly killed me. I had walked all the way to Kazé and back again for these men, to show mine a good example—had given them pay and treble rations, the same as Bombay and Ba-

raka—and yet they chose to desert. I knew not what to do, for it appeared to me that, do what I would, we would never succeed; and in my weakness of body and mind I actually cried like a child over the whole affair. I would rather have died than have failed in my journey, and yet failure seemed at this juncture inevitable."

After this it is refreshing to join the traveller in his visit to the good King Rūmanika.

"The whole scenery was most beautiful. Green and fresh, the slopes of the hills were covered with grass, with small clumps of soft, cloudy-looking acacias growing at a few feet only above the water, and above them, facing over the hills, fine detached trees, and here and there the gigantic medicinal aloe. Arrived near the end of the Moga-Namirinzi hill in the second lake, the paddlers splashed into shore, where a large concourse of people, headed by Nnanaji, were drawn up to receive me. I landed with all the dignity of a prince, when the royal band struck up a march, and we all moved on to Rūmanika's frontier palace, talking away in a very complimentary manner, not unlike the very polite and flowery fashion of educated Orientals.

"Rūmanika was found sitting dressed in a wrapper made of a nzoc antelope's skin, smiling blandly as we approached him. In the warmest manner possible he pressed me to sit by his side, asked how I had enjoyed myself, what I thought of his country, if I did not feel hungry; when a picnic dinner was spread, and we all set to at cooked plantains and pombé, ending with a pipe of his best tobacco. Bit by bit Rūmanika became more interested in geography, and seemed highly ambitious of gaining a world-wide reputation through the medium of my pen. At his invitation we now crossed over the spur to the Ingézi Kagéra side, when, to surprise me, the canoes I had come up the lake in appeared before us. They had gone out of the lake at its northern end, paddled into and then up the Kagéra to where we stood, showing, by actual navigation, the connection of these highland lakes with the rivers which drain the various spurs of the Mountains of the Moon. The Kagéra was deep and dark, of itself a very fine stream, and, considering it was only one—and that, too, a minor one—of the various affluents which drain the mountain valleys into the Victoria N'yanza through the medium of the Kitangulé River, I saw at once there must be water sufficient to make the Kitangulé a very powerful tributary to the lake. . . .

"On the 9th I went out shooting, as Rūmanika, with his usual politeness, on hear-

ing my desire to kill some rhinoceros, ordered his sons to conduct the field for me. Off we started by sunrise to the bottom of the hills overlooking the head of the Little Windermere Lake. On arrival at the scene of action—a thicket of acacia shrubs—all the men in the neighborhood were assembled to beat. Taking post myself, by direction, in the most likely place to catch a sight of the animals, the day's work began by the beaters driving the covers in my direction. In a very short time, a fine male was discovered making towards me, but not exactly knowing where he should bolt to. While he was in this perplexity, I stole along between the bushes, and caught sight of him standing as if anchored by the side of a tree, and gave him a broadsider with Blissett, which, too much for his constitution to stand, sent him off trotting till, exhausted by bleeding, he lay down to die, and allowed me to give him a settler.

"In a minute or two afterwards, the good young princes, attracted by the sound of the gun, came to see what was done. Their surprise knew no bounds; they could scarcely believe what they saw; and then, on recovering, with the spirit of true gentlemen, they seized both my hands, congratulating me on the magnitude of my success, and pointed out, as an example of it, a bystander who showed fearful scars, both on his abdomen and at the blade of his shoulder, who, they declared had been run through by one of these animals. It was, therefore, wonderful to them, they observed, with what calmness I went up to such formidable beasts.

"Just at this time a distant cry was heard that another rhinoceros was concealed in a thicket, and off we set to pursue her. Arriving at the place mentioned, I settled at once I would enter with only two spare men carrying guns, for the acacia thorns were so thick that the only tracks into the thicket were runs made by these animals. Leading

myself, bending down to steal in, I tracked up a run till half-way through cover, when suddenly before me, like a pig from a hole, a large female, with her young one behind her, came straight down whoof-whoofing upon me. In this awkward fix I forced myself to one side, though pricked all over with thorns in doing so, and gave her one in the head which knocked her out of my path, and induced her for safety to make for the open, where I followed her down and gave her another. She then took to the hills and crossed over a spur, when, following after her, in another dense thicket, near the head of a glen, I came upon three, who no sooner sighted me, than all in line they charged down my way. Fortunately, at the time my gun-bearers were with me; so, jumping to one side, I struck them all three in turn. One of them dropped dead a little way on, but the others only pulled up when they arrived at the bottom.

To please myself now I had done quite enough; but as the princes would have it, I went on with the chase. As one of the two, I could see, had one of his fore-legs broken, I went at the sounder one, and gave him another shot, which simply induced him to walk over the lower end of the hill. Then turning to the last one, which could not escape, I asked the Wanyambo to polish him off with their spears and arrows, that I might see their mode of sport. As we moved up to the animal, he kept charging with such impetuous fury, they could not go into him; so I gave him a second ball, which brought him to anchor. In this helpless state the men set at him in earnest, and a more barbarous finale I never did witness. Every man sent his spear, assagé, or arrow, into his sides, until, completely exhausted, he sank like a porcupine covered with quills. The day's sport was now ended, so I went home to breakfast, leaving instructions that the heads should be cut off and sent to the king as a trophy of what the white man could do."

On 31 Dec., the London press offered its annual sacrifice to custom. Each paper omitted its articles to make room for a dreary history of the year, too lengthy for human perusal, too brief to be of the slightest use for future reference. The anathemas uttered at breakfast-tables must have been an awful addition to the daily sins of London, and all *gobemouches*, conversationists, old gentlemen, and club loungers displayed a perceptible increase of stupidity and weariness. A

dictionary, or index, or concordance, or collection of Mr. Byron's puns, is lively reading by the side of these things, and a London Directory would afford a great deal more amusement. Who are they written for? Even the penny papers insert them, though they at least cannot aspire to the honor of the "file." If they did, they would print themselves on paper lasting more than an hour and a half.—*Spectator*.

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From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

THE NORTHERN MESSAGE.

POWER is teaching Mr. Lincoln those reticent forms under which, in English opinion, a statesman's work should be done. His Message this year is marred by none of that diffuseness, made original by none of those quaintnesses which all his previous utterances have educated us to expect. That slight hesitation, too, which was formerly so perceptible,—a hesitation as of a man doing his thinking aloud, and anxious to fortify his own judgment while convincing the country, has entirely disappeared. The Message is pervaded throughout by a new and impressive tone, as of a man who at last sees his way, whose mind is made up, and who will never again debate the policy he has adopted. The old forensic tinge is, of course, there still, for it is as natural to the constitution-loving President as to the Illinois lawyer; but the tinge is now that which pervades the judge's, not the advocate's, mind. He does not argue with the nation, or with a party within the nation, or with the foes who are still barring the nation's way; but he delivers a charge, a final summing-up of the law, which, "while he occupies his position," will be executed, be the resistance what it may. Taking up a half-forgotten clause in the Constitution of the United States,—a clause which binds the central authority "to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and protect it against domestic violence," and remembering his own prerogative of pardon, he builds thereon a polity as wide as the mischief to be put down. That clause, it is certain, was intended to apply to all cases in which a minority of well-affected persons were threatened by a majority hostile to republican institutions, and in that sense he employs it to work a revolution in the South. Recognizing that slavery is the very root of the existing civil war, and that any desertion of the blacks "would now be a cruel and astounding breach of faith," he, by a proclamation added to the Message, but defended within it, offers the South the following terms: Every citizen who has brought himself within the scope of the general laws against treason, or of the special laws passed by Congress against this particular treason,—i. e., nine-tenths of the South—may, on taking an oath to maintain the decree of emancipation, receive a full pardon. His life will be thenceforth safe, all his property, *except slaves*, will be restored, and he will be competent *ex facto* to all and every political act. In short, by ceasing to be a slaveholder he will become a citizen, not a tolerated resident, not a pardoned "suspect," not even an inhabitant of territories still in a dependent condition, but

a citizen with every right as complete as Mr. Lincoln himself enjoys. Pardon for treason,—and secession is treason, even if we recognize the revolutionary right,—was never offered on more merciful terms; but the President goes one step farther. In his eager constitutionalism,—too eager, unless Mr. Chase is indeed to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court,—he bids the South remember that the proclamation to which they swear is the proclamation as interpreted by the highest judicial body, towards which even the South has always professed respect. Every individual in the South is offered free and instant pardon, to be claimed as of right, to be enjoyed without reservations, provided only that he will consent to live the free citizen of a free republican State. After this announcement, never yet equalled in humanity, except by a British Ministry in an Irish case, we do trust we have heard the last of Mr. Lincoln's legal cruelty.

Cold he is, as the *Times* has said, but it is with the coldness of an immutable resolve. Rising without abruptness from the individual to the State, Mr. Lincoln announces for that also a mode of re-entry to peace and quietness. Whenever one-tenth of the male inhabitants have accepted his offer, have announced, that is, their desire to be free citizens of a free State, the State powers shall on one other condition revive. The condition is that slavery cease. The Legislatures may take time; may impose stringent laws against vagrancy, or still more stringent rules against idleness; may visit a "masterless knave" with the penalties once inflicted in England: may do anything "consistent as a temporary arrangement with the blacks' present condition as a laboring, landless, and houseless class;" but they must set them free,—free of the lash and the auction-block,—free to read and to worship, to possess their wives and to guard their children like other human beings. Each State may, we imagine, vote compensation in any form it pleases, may, for example, tax the blacks for a generation for the benefit of their old owners, or vote the wild lands to the planters, an acre for every dollar's worth of emancipated flesh, but slavery they cannot retain. If they will retain it in spite of all,—why the demand for the war for the coming year is still one hundred and eighty millions. Take the Southern States to be what you will,—empires conquered by the sword, or revolted provinces subdued by the Government,—and terms more moderate were never offered by successful civilized ruler. If Russia offered them tomorrow to Poland, i. e., absolute and real autonomy, her own laws, her own officials, her own language, her own system of teaching, her own taxation, and a dominant vote at St.

Petersburg, on the single condition of enfranchising the serfs, what would be Tory scorn if the offer were refused? Yet the blood feud between South and North is of three years' standing; between Poland and Russia of six hundred.

So much for the justice of the new polity; now for its expediency. We are not of those who expect that this offer will be received in the South with acclamation, or bring the war at once to any acceptable end. The talk of Lord Lyons having endorsed Mr. Seward's ninety days is talk merely, invented in order to influence the sensitive market for cotton. The leaders are all excepted from the amnesty, and in the South the leaders *lead*; the generals are all excepted,—a real mistake,—and the army which they have led on successful battle-fields will never give them up. The terms by their very nature involve a temporary reunion with triumphant "Yankees," and the South hates Yankees even when not triumphant; above all, they involve emancipation, and the South, once driven to think of accepting them, may emancipate for itself. But the terms offered are, nevertheless, at once just and wise. They convince the North that the hour has arrived when the quarrel must be fought out, and so give to the whole nation the strength which springs from the sense of a Cause; they convince the slaves that the Federal Government, whatever its temptations, will never break faith with them; and within the South itself they organize disaffection. Throughout North Carolina and in the uplands of Georgia, all over Arkansas, and in the hill section of Tennessee, exist men who, though not devoted to the Union, are not devoted to slavery, and rather than war on forever will re-organize their States as free. Constitutional tradition is strong, and power accretes to regular governments even when supported only by a minority. Everywhere as a State is traversed by the troops they will leave behind them a regular organization, as strong, and we greatly fear as stern, as minorities in possession of power are apt to be. That authority will have at disposal its own section of whites, increased every day by waverers, all immigrants from the North, all Northern soldiers settled in garrison, and the whole black community, that is, huddled together as they now are, fully one-half of the South.

It is possible with those means to pacify the States, to re-organize society, and to put down, once for all, the legal sanctions of human slavery. Slavery once at an end, and the blacks settled down as an humble but free population, making their own way by study and thrift and usefulness towards political rights,—a process which their use as soldiers will greatly facilitate—the irritation created

by slavery must gradually disappear, and the Union will hang together until the different but free civilizations naturally produced outside and within the tropics once again reveal to the North and the South their inherent antagonism. Then, when the cause for separation may be one which will not injure mankind, Europe may be justified in wishing for that absence of uniformity in America which in Europe has made civilization one grand competitive rush. All that, however, is dreamy, and for the present the only fact worth attention is that the Message and proclamation, while binding the North together, sow dissension in the South, and secure final emancipation with the least possible disturbance of the existing order.

We have little more to say of the Message, the first columns of which are filled with facts of purely American interest. Mr. Chase's statement will require an analysis of its own; but we must here remark that President Lincoln seems at length to have perceived the fairness of English counsels, and though he cannot but think, as it is his duty to think, of the chances of his own re-election, he makes no *ad captandum* appeal to catch the Irish vote. The message begins with acknowledging that the British Government has "fulfilled just expectations," speaks of all pending questions in a tone of conciliation, and expresses the full determination of the United States to "do justice to foreigners." There is a total absence on this subject alike of hectoring and of argument, and the tone employed suggests that misfortune has at last taught the executive of the Union that international statesmanship, like all other statesmanship which does not employ coercion, is based on mutual concession.

From The Spectator, 26 Dec.

THE SOUTHERN MESSAGE.

THERE is always a singular sense of literary pleasure in passing from even the ablest of the genuine republican documents to the most spiritless of the commanding statesman's who rules the falling star of the Southern Confederacy. There is a political joylessness, a want of that buoyancy given to politics by personal ambition and the habit of successful leadership, about the best State papers of the North which make them, as mere literary reading, very inferior to Mr. Davis's always bold, always able, and always unscrupulous manifestoes. The difference is much the same as, to illustrate by works of mere imagination, we feel between the swift movement and assured sense of power that carries us, as though on horseback, through the pages of Sir Walter Scott, and the creeping, toil-worn, unrefreshing sort of intellectual tenacity which

subdues, without relaxing, the mind in the wonderful pages of Defoe. And the difference is the more remarkable in the present case, because, in point of literary effect, the Northern Message is much above, and the Southern decidedly below, the usual level of their respective authors.

Nay, Mr. Davis is this time, we think, inferior to himself not only in style, but in substance, and, what is most remarkable of all, in worldly wisdom. He begins, indeed, with his usual intrepidity and that frankness of admission which Louis Napoleon has gradually accustomed Europe to regard as dangerous, with insisting on the greatness of the Southern reverses—the loss of Vicksburg, of Port Hudson, and of Little Rock in Arkansas; and dwells with even less than warrantable triumph on the gallant and protracted defence of Charleston. But, in this Message at least, he enlarges on the greatness of the more distant reverses not without a purpose of injudiciously and unsuccessfully softening those which are more near or more immediately before the public eye. He refers the defeat of the recent battle of Chattanooga not to Grant's skill or Bragg's inefficiency, but to the fact that "some of our troops inexplicably abandoned positions of great strength, and by a disorderly retreat compelled the commander to withdraw the forces elsewhere successful," a statement which accounts for the ill-success of the leader only at the expense of admitting a deep disaffection in the Confederate army, and also, we may add, in a manner quite unsupported by the private letters, from officers of the Confederate army present in the battle, which the Richmond papers have since published. The simple truth about the victory of Chattanooga appears to be that General Grant caught General Bragg in exactly the same unprepared condition for attack in which some weeks before General Bragg succeeded in surprising General Rosecranz. The Confederates were prepared to retreat, but were not prepared at that moment to fight; and they were compelled to combine very inconveniently and disastrously to themselves those very different operations. Again, Mr. Davis would persuade us that General Lee accomplished successfully his object in the recent invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was, says the Confederate President, "to meet the threatened advance on Richmond, for which the enemy had made long and costly preparations, by forcing the army to cross the Potomac, and fight in defence of their own capital and homes." The "hard-fought battle of Gettysburg," he adds, "inflicted such severity of punishment as disabled them from early renewal of the campaign, as originally projected." This is mere literary fence. General Lee certainly did not advance into Mary-

land and Pennsylvania in order merely to divert the enemy from the attack on Richmond, for the battle of Chancellorsville had already crippled the Northern army too much to admit of any such project. It was a bold, aggressive move, which utterly failed in its purpose, and redressed, instead of enhancing, the effect of the reverse given to the Northern arms at Chancellorsville. For effective unscrupulousness we always give Mr. Davis full credit; but there is more of the weakness of advocacy in the coloring thus given by him to the unsuccessful Pennsylvanian campaign than we should have expected from his usually wise intellectual audacity.

When Mr. Davis demands calmly the power to order the conscription of those already liable to it, but who have furnished, and been legally permitted to furnish, substitutes, and for the further power to gather into his nets the aged (all men above forty-five years of age), for the lighter duties of the army, he faces a desperate emergency with that aristocratic courage in proposing highly unpopular measures that never fails him; but he shows something, again, of the transparent and, therefore, foolish unscrupulousness of defeat, when he reviles the North for not keeping its agreement with regard to the exchange of prisoners, and suppresses the double reason advanced for that refusal,—first, that a large force of Southern prisoners paroled at Vicksburg was captured by General Grant *in arms* at Chattanooga,—and next, that the South entirely declines to exchange fairly either the negro troops of the North or the white officers of those troops,—having, in fact, given no quarter to, and in at least one proved case, barbarously hanged, the officer and men of the black regiments, while in no single case have they treated either the officers or men of such regiments as prisoners of war.

But the passage of Mr. Davis's Message which fails most entirely to suppress the vivid ripple of his irritation at conscious failure, is the elaborate indictment which he brings against Lord Russell and our own Cabinet for having violated our pledge of absolute neutrality. Lord Russell, says Mr. Davis in effect, cheated the Confederate Government into admitting the principles of maritime neutrality laid down by the Congress of Paris in 1856, by holding out to them the advantage likely to result from the fourth principle there agreed to, that none but efficient blockades should be recognized, and then deliberately deprived them of that advantage (their principal motive, as he intimates, for concurrence in the Paris doctrine) by recognizing the inefficient Federal blockade of 3,000 miles of coast. And again, Mr. Davis accuses the same statesmen of deliberately measuring out one measure of neutrality as regards the supply of the munitions of war (in-

cluding ships) to the Northern, and another and severer measure to the Southern States. It would be impossible in our space, and with due regard to our readers' patience, to unravel the very careful web of fragmentary quotations from Lord Russell's despatches, wrested out of their context, by which Mr. Davis establishes to his own, or rather not to his own, but to his ignorant countrymen's satisfaction, the justice of these charges both as matters of fact and matters of deliberate intention. To effect his purpose Mr. Davis tries to present Lord Russell as humbly obeying the least dictate of Mr. Adams, and as apologizing almost penitentially for every aid afforded by English traders to the military resources of the South, while much greater and richer facilities were afforded to the military resources of the North. How completely this coloring reverses the true situation every one who verifies Mr. Davis's quotations will see at once. Mr. Davis, for instance, states that on the 12th June, 1861, the United States minister informed Lord Russell that "the fact of his having held interviews with the commissioners of the confederate Government had given 'great dissatisfaction,'—and that a protraction of this relation would be viewed by the United States as 'hostile in spirit, and to require some corresponding action accordingly.'" In response to this intimation her majesty's secretary assured the minister that he had no expectation of seeing them any more,"—which is, of course, intended to convey that Lord Russell was very much afraid of the threat implied, and gave way through fear. Of course, Lord Russell disclaimed, what by international law he was bound to disclaim, any intention of acknowledging the Government of the South, or of receiving the Confederate commissioners in any other than a private capacity; but equally, of course, he has maintained his right throughout without the slightest reference to the displeasure of the United States, and has acted on his right, to communicate directly with the Confederacy, so far as that course is desirable for the interests of this country. This was the course steadily adopted not only in May 1861, but later, during the quarrel about the Charleston consul, Mr. Bunch, and again during Mr. Mason's residence here, when Lord Russell discussed with him the efficiency of the Federal blockade. "It may be necessary in future," wrote Lord Russell in November, 1861, "for the protection of the interests of her majesty's subjects in the vast extent of country which resists the authority of the United States, to have further communication both with the central authority at Richmond and with the governors of the separate States, and in such cases such communications will continue to be made, but such communications will not

imply any acknowledgment of the Confederates as an independent State." Of course this attitude gave offence to both parties, as all impartial attitudes do,—to the Federals because they did not like the admission of a *de facto* central authority at Richmond at all—and to the Confederates because they did not choose to be communicated with under protest.

Mr. Davis's proof that Lord Russell has purposely misinterpreted the law of blockade established at Paris and our own Foreign Enlistment Act, in order to please the Federals and extend our own belligerent rights in future, is equally futile. Lord Russell has acted strictly on legal advice in both cases. The Paris law of blockade is very vague, and though the North approve, they are not bound by it, for they never acceded to the Paris treaty. It would have been the inanest arrogance to strain a vague provision against America, seeing that we have so often strained the international law in our own favor when we occupied the position of America—an arrogance, in short, of which Mr. Davis would be the first to see (though not to admit) the gross partiality. Wisely magnanimous, he declines to adopt the only remedies which he himself can suggest for our supposed partiality; namely, to menace the commerce of Great Britain by withdrawing the assent of the South to the maritime law laid down at Paris. This is very good of him, as scarcely any one but Lord Russell knew till this Message was published that the South does regard itself as bound by that treaty, and if it proclaimed a purely fictitious blockade of the North,—as Mr. Davis hints he might do,—and then confiscated every neutral vessel bound thither which his cruisers could catch, he would annihilate the Southern cause by the stroke of a pen. The difference between the efficiency of a blockade which in two years and a half has captured over one thousand blockade-runners, and upwards of £2,500,000 in property, and that of a blockade which might possibly, if Captain Semmes strained every nerve, effect about one-tenth part of the result (at ten times the cost to all neutral nations), is rather too great to escape Mr. Davis's discerning eye, so he wisely makes a virtue of necessity, and only expresses his hate of Lord Russell and his disgust with England, without indulging in anything that can properly be called menace.

On the whole, Mr. Davis does not, in this Message, entirely succeed in concealing the faltering hand and quivering nerve of one who stares ruin in the face, and is stung to the quick by the consciousness that he has deserved it. He is something less than his former self. But few men indeed, in his situation, would show a constancy so unblenching and an eye so keen.

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From The Spectator.

THE EQUIPOISE OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE
IN 1863.

THROUGHOUT a year which otherwise has been one of utter confusion, in which half the world has played the part most foreign to its own antecedents, in which Germany has been active and Italy calmly quiescent, Austria constitutional and Prussia given up to reaction, the movement of France and England has been distinct and traditional. On every great occasion France has been the innovating, England the Conservative power; France the motive force, England the resisting medium. Whenever an emergency has occurred, —war in America or disturbance in Europe, danger from Poles or risk from the attitude of Moldo-Wallachia, menaces from the Southern peninsula or appeals from the Northern one,—France has endeavored to act, and England to delay action, until the unavoidable hour had arrived. The entire force of Louis Napoleon has been expended on the preliminary object of getting England to move, the entire statesmanship of Great Britain on preventing herself from motion until the hour which seemed to her opportune. Such a neutralization of power so visible and affecting so many questions, has hardly occurred in our time, and it is well to ask if the result is one the British people approve.

The system began with the invasion of Mexico, which, though it commenced in 1862, has materially affected the discussions and the fortunes of 1863. The invasion, as an invasion for conquest, was wholly Napoleon's act, and the Emperor of the French has maintained his line with unusual perseverance. He likes short and striking wars, waged for definite ends, and under the eye of Paris; but in this instance he has fought for an object not yet visible, at a distance of half the world, for more than eighteen persevering months. He has been baffled mainly by the withdrawal of Great Britain, a wise and a just withdrawal, but one which rendered the French idea abortive. Had England adopted the secret programme, as she did the avowed one, and pushed on with France to "regenerate" the decaying American State, Spain must have adopted it too, and the Mexicans daunted by an alliance no empire has ever withstood, would, in all human probability, have re-organized their institutions. As it is, the invasion has been almost barren, and Mexico is still in its long-continued anarchy, while the world has been spared the dangerous precedent of a Government overturned by the sword because its internal arrangements did not suit the ideas of its great allies. As a consequence flowing out of this expedition the emperor has, throughout the year, been

most anxious to intervene in the American civil war.

Unless the South became independent he could not hope to retain even a preponderating influence in Mexico, while the failure of cotton interrupted the "order" he maintains among working men, and the stoppage of tobacco threatened at one time to embarrass his finance. He pressed Great Britain, therefore, again and again to give up her watchful neutrality, to join him in advising, i.e., enforcing an armistice, and so to accept the burden of arranging a revolutionary peace. Earl Russell, true to his love for freedom, declined to be pressed, and the Conservatives, true to their policy of doing nothing which can by any means be avoided, refused to censure Earl Russell. Great Britain did not take any counter-action, did not assist the North, or menace consequences if Napoleon acted alone, but simply refused to stir, and the blow inflicted through a medium so dense fell on its object without effect. Steel will not cut a candle through a few inches of water, and the North did not feel the terrible stroke from which England alone had saved them. Baffled once more on this side, the emperor turned to Poland. Throughout the year that unhappy country has been given up to the executioners. In Lithuania Mouravieff has been deporting the whole of the upper classes, in Ruthenia the peasantry have been made virtual lords of the soil, in the Kingdom an expression of discontent has been treated as a capital crime. In the spring the cry of the Poles awoke a fierce sympathy in France, and the emperor, always ready for action but never for isolation, offered if England would only aid, to demand Poland's freedom. England declined to co-operate, not as injurious or ungenerous, or as contrary to international law, but on the true Conservative ground, as involving consequences which it was not in the power of politicians to foresee. The idea of war was given up, for without British guarantees the emperor might have encountered the one external foe he dreads, a coalition of Europe, and Poland was left to struggle on. The Russian Government sneered at despatches which distinctly laid down the law, while they not only provided no penalty for breach of the law, but explicitly stated that none would be exacted. Then the emperor, ever eager for action, devised a still larger scheme, announced his intention, if England would aid, of rebuilding the crumbling edifice of European society.

The world was called to council to redress all existing grievances, and substitute a new arrangement for the treaties of 1815. The first act of that council would have been to decree the right of Poland to freedom; but

still England remained impassive. She did not object to councils, or to the freedom of Poland, or to the evacuation of Rome, or to the surrender of Venice, or to any one of the changes probably included within the programme; but she took her stand on the Conservative ground that any great change would involve in the end a great war, and that discussion in order to settle questions which could only be settled by war was merely a mode of hurrying on a host of catastrophes all at once. She refused to attend; and as a Congress called without England would be simply a Congress with England as supreme arbitrator, the project fell to the ground. The resisting medium had once again deadened the force of the blow. Even in the last question of the year—the great and dangerous quarrel between the German people and Denmark—the two countries, while appearing to exchange characters, have really retained their tone. France urges Germany to action by simply remaining passive, for if she had threatened to enforce the treaty of 1852 Germany must perforce have remained quiet within her own limits. England has been active, but only in order to prevent action, inducing Denmark and threatening Germany into comparative moderation. The single object in this case also has been the Conservative one—to preserve the peace and, so far as human passions admit, to maintain things as they are.

We are not by any means sure that in this review the policy adopted by Great Britain appears to advantage beside that suggested by France. It has, indeed, one great result, which with many judgments outweighs all others—it tends to preserve the peace. Human foresight is so small, the chances of any war, however just, so infinitely great, that we are not prepared to assert this view either untenable or unjust. Had England assisted France in the matter of Poland, war might have been raging at this moment over half the world, and Europe would be in the cauldron with no statesman-Medea at hand. But apart from this grand result, the dignity of the attitude chosen by England—an attitude by which her whole strength is exhausted in merely resisting progress—is fairly open to question. Earl Russell may have been right in each individual case, and, indeed, the only doubtful one is that of interference for Poland; but the history of the year seems to indicate a principle which most certainly is not sound. That principle is resistance to change under all circumstances, but more

especially to change of which the Emperor of the French is to be the moving force. The conduct of England in refusing to intervene in the American civil war was not only wise but righteous, for intervention would even now pledge us to a crusade against freedom; but then it was not for that reason that the governing class abstained. They were willing enough to see the South triumphant, would rejoice even now to see the Union divided; but any action towards that end would have given up their idea of leaving all other nations alone. It would have been "meddling" just as much as intervention for Poland, and the one case might have been used as precedent for the other. The refusal to intervene yields no proof that England is throwing herself heartily upon the side of freedom. She professes, indeed, to do it, and her people sympathize keenly with every insurrection raised upon intelligible ground. But throughout the long discussion on Poland, and the short discussion on Congress, and the strangled discussion on the Christian subjects of Turkey, her *action* has been, on the whole, unfavorable to the nationalities with whom her people claim to be in permanent alliance. France, with a despotic government, has freed Italy, would have freed Poland, and will, if we permit, free the white races now subjected to the rule of a bad Asiatic horde. England, with a free government and a people passionately anxious for the diffusion of freedom, criticised the enfranchisement of Lombardy, held back when a promise might have enfranchised Venice, resisted the liberation of Poland, and would actually go to war rather than suffer the bonds of the Christians in Turkey to be finally broken away. In many of these instances, taken separately, her statesmen have been in the right; in none, except that of Turkey, can they be proved to be in the wrong, but the whole taken together suggest a steady *drift*, which is not in accord either with our character as a Liberal power, our interests as a commercial people, or our dignity as the guardians of that tempered freedom which we alone among first-class nations for the present hour retain. Is there no policy possible which, while as free from danger as that which we now pursue, shall keep our action in straighter accord with our habitual talk? Is France always to be the power to which the hopeless look for aid, England always the power which arrests the assistance others are ready to grant? Is it our *wish* to be always prudent and peaceful and small?

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